B

THE RUMP:

OR

The Mirrour OF The late Times.

A NEW

COMEDY,

Written by J. TATHAM, Gent.

Acted many times with Great Applauſe,
At the Private Houſe in *Dorſet* Court.

The Second Impreſſion, Corrected, with many Additions.

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THE

RUMP:

OR

The Mirror

OF

The late Times.

A NEW

COMEDY,

To my deservedly Honoured Friend,

WALTER JAMES

of *Ramden-house* in *Smarden* in the County of *Kent* Esquire.

Sir,

AS *you were pleased to Honour me with Your Acquaintance and Friendship* (*a hard thing in those* Iron dayes) *So Your* Merit *and* Favours *oblig'd me to this* Duty. *You had the sight of the* Brat *in its swadling Clouts* (*my loose Papers, e're it was fully shap'd for the Stage*;) *Yet through that Obscurity, You were pleased to discover something of* Hope, *that it might* Live *and* Prosper; *and from thence I deriv'd an* Encouragement *to cherish the* Youngling, *till it was fit for* Service, *and then turn'd her off to shift for her self*; *How she hath pleas'd, is not for me to boast*; *onely I may say this, That*

those to whom she had Relation *wish they had her again, and would make more of her; for though her* Name *may seem to blemish her, I will assure you she carries no* obscene spot, *about her. Transferr'd to other hands she became a* Traveller (*for which I am to beg your* Pardon, *in that she went without your* Licence (*and indeed my* Privity.) *But being now upon a second* Adventure, *and somewhat amended in her* Apparel, *I present her to You for your* Letters *of* Credence; *which granted, I trebly binds me,*

SIR,

Your most affectionate Friend,

and Faithful Servant,

J. TATHAM.

The ARGUMENT of the *Play*.

Fleetwood *is fool'd by* Lambert *to consent*
To th' pulling out of the Rump Parliament;
Which done, another Government *they frame*
In Embrio, *that wants* Matter *for a* Name.
In brief "*By force* Fools *supplant crafty Men*,
"*The Bauble* Exits, *Enter* Knaves *again*.

J. T.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

L *Lambert.* } Competitors for the Protectorſhip.
Fleetwood. }
Wareſton. A *Scotch* Laird, Preſident of the *Committee*.
Desbrough. }
Huſon. }
Gobbet. } Collonels, and of the ſame *Committee*.
Duckinfield }
Lady *Lambert.* VVife to Lord *Lambert*.
Mrs. *Cromwell. Olivers* VVidow.
Lady *Fleetwood*;
Priſcilla. VVoman to Lady *Lambert*.
Trotter. Secretary to Lord *Lambert*.
1. *Trotter.*
2. A *Frenchman*.
4. *Prentices.*
4. *Soldiers.*
2. *Clerks*, and 2. *Doorkeepers* to the *Committee*.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

THe Author not distrusting of his Play,
Leaves Customes Road, and walks another way:
Expect not here Language Three stories high;
Star-tearing Strains sit not a Comedy.
Here's no Elaborate Scenes, for he confesses
He took small paines in't, Truth doth need no Dresses.
No Amorous Puling passions, here the Lord
And Lady rather differ then accord.
What can be in't, youl say, of name of these?
It is all one; he's sure the thing will please
The loyal hearted Party; and what then?
Why, truly he thinks them the wiser men.
But if in's Progress he does chance to hit
Hab nab on something that may sound like Wit,
Pray take no notice on't for if you doe,
You'l spoyl the Poet, and the Players too;
They will grow proud upon't, and in the Street
Instead of Cringing, Nod to those they meet.
Yet now I think on't, 'twill not be amiss,
We'd rather have your Plaudit then your Hiss:
And promise faithfully we will endevour,
If you do favour this, to please you ever.

Act.

ACTUS Primus. SCÆNA Prima.

Enter three or four Souldiers ſeverally.

1. *Souldier.* AH, Rogues, the buſineſs is done,
2. *Souldier.* In a diſh I Warrant you,
1. *Souldier.* And thrown out oth' Windows,
The town's Our own, Boys.

3. *Souldier.* And all the wealth in't.

1. *Souldier.* And wenches to boot Boys.

2. *Souldier.* Boot me no Boots, 'tis Bootleſs, 'till we have 'um,

4. *Souldier.* Thoſe are Commodities, I confeſs, I fain would truck for.

1. *Souldier.* Thou ſhalt have them by the belly, Lad.

4. *Souldier.* Rare Recruits after a long march!

1. *Souldier.* Gramercy *Bertlam.*

2. *Souldier.* Heroick *Bertlam.*

3. *Souldier.* The Man of Men and Might.

1. *Souldier.* We were oppos'd and even at Puſh a Pike for't, though a wet Morning, 'twould have been dry Service had We gon to't.

2. *Souldier.* Dry blows would ne're have done't, ſome muſt have ſwet blood, for't but 'tis prevented.

1. *Souldier.* The Nail of providence was in't.

2. *Souldier.* Or the parings rather; no matter which, 'tis done.

1. *Souldier.* *Morley* was a ſtubborn Lad, yet *Lambert* fitted him, and in his kind too, his Rhetorick ſilenc'd the Mouth of his piſtol, it had ſent a bad Report elſe, and a home one: But *Lambert*, brave *Lambert*! that carries Charms on the Tip of his Tongue, acted the part both of a Souldier and a Courtier, an Enemy, and a Friend, Expoſing his Breaſt to danger, under the Canopy of Security; And all this for Us, you knaves. He told um a fair Tale, but meanes to truſt them no further then he can fling um.

2. *Souldier.* That 's ſome out of Commiſſion,

4. *Souldier.* Or into priſon, or both.

1. *Soul.* We may (Lads) in time grow up to ſomething.

2. *Souldier.* Ill Weeds grow apace Brother, and thou art one of them, and in time mayſt reach the Gallows.

1. *Souldier.* Speak for your ſelfe, Brother, I need not your Oratory; well, *Lambert* has Wit at Will, *Fleetwood*'s an Aſſe to him.

2. *Souldier.* A meer Milk-ſop.

3. *Souldier.* A Whey-brain'd fellow.

2. *Souldier.* And of Courage as cold as a Cucumber.

4. *Souldier.* A Fool in Folio.

1. *Souldier.* Ambitions Puppit.

2. *Souldier.* A general in the Hangings, and no better.

3. *Souldier.* What think you of *Vane*?

1. *Souldier.* As of a Vain fellow.

3. *Souldier.* And what of *Haſlerigge*?

1. *Souldier.* A Hangman for *Haſlerigge*, I cry.

2, 3, 4. *Souldier.* One and all, One and all.

1. *Souldier.* 'Tis *Lambert* for my mony, Boys, he is Our General, Our Protector, Our King, Our Emperor, Our *Ceſar*, Our *Keaſar* Our ——Even what he pleaſeth himſelf.

2. *Souldier.* If he pleaſeth himſelf, he ſhall pleaſe me.

1. *Soul.*

1. *Souldier.* He is our rising Sun, and Wee'l adore him:

3. *Souldier.* For the Speaker's Glory's set,

1. *Souldier.* At nought Boy; how the Slave look'd when his Coach was stop'd?

4. *Souldier.* Like a Dog out-law'd; the Pallat of his Breech fell down with fear.

1. *Souldier.* He told Us he was our General.

2. *Souldier.* Of what? Bills, Bonds, and Obligations; or Green-sleeves and Pudding-pies?

1. *Souldier.* And we told him he was an old doting fool, and bad him get him home, and take a Cawdle of Calves Eggs to Comfort his Learned Coxcomb; for he loo'kd but faintly on't.

3. *Souldier.* And what said he?

2. *Souldier.* Said he! I prethee what could he say that We would admit for a reasonable answer? We were better princip'l'd then so, Reason and our Business were two things, what We did, (We did) that was Our Will, and the word of Command lodg'd in Our hilts. Alass poor Worm, *Cobbet* and *Duckingfield* shew'd him Cockpit Law, and O're-rul'd his Rolls, he understood not the Souldiers Dialect, the searching Language of the Sword puzl'd his Intellect, the Keenness whereof would have prov'd too sharp for his Wit, had he been Obstinate, or persisted in the Interpretation; and therefore very mannerly he kist his hand and wheel'd about.

2. *Souldier.* To the place from whence he came,

3. *Souldier.* And ere long to the place of Excecution.

1. *Souldier.* No, hang him, he will have his Clergy.

2. *Souldier.* Is he such an Infidel to love them?

1. *Souldier.* Yes, as We do Barbers, that is, while they are Trimming Us; hee'd fain go *A la mode* to Heaven.

2. *Souldier.* If his foot slip not, but if it do, his finery is spoil'd, he will be so footish'd.

1. *Souldier.* He that deals with Pitch must expect no better, Black will to black, quoth the Divel to the Collier. But, dost thou think there is a Heaven or Hell?

2. *Souldier.* Why dost thou ask me that question? I am a Souldier, and so art thou. let's ne're trouble our heads about it, a short life, and a merry life I cry, happy Man be his Dole.

3. *Souldier,* And so say I, while We are here, We are here; when We are gone, We are gone, for better or for worse, for rich or for poor; amongst the good or the bad, We shall find room I warrant thee Lad, and our General can expect no more.

4. *Souldier.* And now you have put us in mind of Our General, I mean *Bertlam,* (not *Woodfleet*) (that Son of a Custard-maker, alwayes quaking) let us as bravely spend his this dayes benevolence, as he Nobly intended it.

3. *Souldier.* A good resolution.

1. *Souldier.* Rather a proposition Brother, But where, how, and in what?

2. *Souldier.* Not in Rot-gut Beer, I will assure you, or muddy Ale, Wine for my money.

1. *Soul.* Wine is the life of Action, 'tis Decreed.

2. *Soul.* And I obey.

1. *Soul.* Blood requires blood, then from the purple Grape, I'le suck my fill, spite of you, Jack a Nape: There's Poetry for you, Gentlemen.

2. *Soul.* A pin for your Poetry, March upon't. *Exeunt, They go out, and come in again, at the other end of the Stage.*

1. *Soul.* Bring us more Wine there, come who sings?

3. *Soul.* He that best can, my Comrade here.

1. *Soul.* Something on the Times, or nothing.

A Song for the Souldiers.

2. *Soul.* Though the Morning was wet,
We are merrily met
In a house more dry then our skin Boys;
We'l drink down the day,
Ne're question our pay,
Let them heartily laugh out that win, Boys:

Chor. Then drink a full brimmer to him that intends
For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.

Let

II. Let him flatter and lie,
What is't to thee or I?
And Ape *Nell* in ev'ry Condition;
If we thrive upon't,
Let all the world want,
And the City kneel down and petition:
Chor. Then drink a full brimmer to him that intends,
For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.
Souldier. Hey Boys, come away. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Bertlam*, and *Trotter* his *Secretary*.

Bertlam. Trotter.
Trotter. My Lord?
Bertlam. Has *Lockwhite* been here yet?
Trotter. Not yet, my Lord, Sir——
Bertlam. What wouldst thou have?
Trotter. Nothing, my Lord, not I.
Bertlam. Thou hast not thy name for nothing, I see thy Tongue will keep pace with thy wit, and still be Trotting, I prethee leave off thy Impertinences, I have told thee enough on't.
Trotter. Why my Lord, and it shall please you.
Bertlam. I tell thee it does not please me, 'tis my fear thou'lt be my shame, I sent thee into *France* to learn some breeding, and thou render'st me the poorest and the pitifull'st Accompt that ever Porter gave on a sleight Errant. Dost thou keep Company?
Trotter. Yes, my Lord.
Bertlam. What are they, of what sort?
Trotter. Of the better, Sir.
Bertlam. 'Tis strange! thy knowledge being so bad. Are they Men of Intelligence?
Trotter. I think so, my Lord.
Bertlam. You think so! sad, I professe 'tis very sad; were

were it my Case, as it is yours, (and it behoves you, as you assume the Title of a Secretary;) I'de draw Mens Souls out by Inspeculation, and in the Inquest of their Faculties cull out such matter as would yield advantage to him I had relation to; and without this, thou neither dost deserve the place thou hast, nor art thou fit for Company.

Trotter. My Lord, I have done my Endevour.

Lambert. A weak one, let *Thurloe* be your President.

Trotter. When your Lordship is translated to your Highness, and that you have Command of the Publick Purse, I shall be as ready to waste it, as he or the proudest of um. But I am but a fool to explain my self.

Lambert. That time is drawing neer.

He turns about in wrath with his dapper Dagger at his Breech.

Tr. In the mean time I have not been idle, I have done something.

Lambert. What hast thou done that may deserve Recording?

Trotter. Why, I have Endevoured to find how the Common Cry of the Town goes, as to this dayes business.

Lambert. That's something indeed, and how do the People relliſh it?

Trotter. Relliſh it! why truly Sir, it is thought,

Lambert. Thou wilt return to thy Vomit.

Trotter. Why truly Sir, it is thought, and if I may speak my thougts freely, the *Rump* was but a stinking *Rump*, and sented so ill in the Nostrils of the People, that they fear'd a sudden Plague attended the Concavity, and with much Joy bleſt the Rue and Wormword you brought to their Conservation.

Lambert. Dost thou know what thou sayest?

Trotter. I could say more, Sir.

Lambert. To as little purpose---begon, I would be prevate---yet if *Whitelock* come, admit him.

Trotter. Nay, my Lord, I warrant here will be the whole fry presently.

Lambert. Thou a Secretary! and talk so like a fisherman? What fry, you fool?

Trotter.

Trotter. *Fleetwood* and the reſt, Sir.

Lambert. My minde is not at reſt while thou art here. Begon: —— *Exit Trotter.*
I wonder *Whitelock* comes not? he's a Man
Has run all hazzards, with as good ſucceſs,
Except Old *Noll*, as any Man I know;
He was his Creature, and he now is mine,
And hitherto he has perform'd his part
In my Revenge upon that family,
So home even to their doors, that my diſgrace *Enter Trotter and Whitelock.*
Lies buried in their Infamy — How now —

Trotter. My Lord, He's come,

Lambert. 'Tis well —— Leave Us.
My Lord, how goes Cauſes?

Whitelock. They cannot goe amiſs, Sir,
Whilſt you are Advocate.

Lambert. The Sword thou meaneſt,
That muſt decide all Controverſies.

Whitelock. It will do much, Sir, but Politcy puts the beſt Edge to't.

Lambert. And that you have: Come my Lord, be free,
Where ſhall We ſet up Our Reſt?
We have had Toſſing times.

Whitelock. Indeed, my Lord, Time hath been toſt in a Blanquet; but I hope now We ſhall uſe Time better then ſo.

Lambert. As how?

Whitelock. You may Trim him, Sir,
You have him by the foretop.

Lambert. If I thought ſo, I'de hold him faſt.

Whitelock. Now, or never; If you let ſlip your hold you are undone, *aut Cæſar Nullus*.

Lambert. But the *Remora* to that is *Fleetwood*.

Whitelock. Alaſs? you know him, Sir.

Lambert. True, he's but of a ſoftly Nature.

Whitelock. A fine Commendation for a General, that ſhould be rough as Warre it ſelfe; But he ha's a ſoft

place

place in his head too, and that's worse, how ever he's a fit subject for our purpose, and therefore, Sir, let's use him as *Catalme* did *Lentulus* drill him along with hope that all tends to his onely advancement, fools are soon perswaded; And believe me (my Lord) that was the very Engine made him consent to th' blowing up of his brother, a Gentleman in some sense better qualified.

Bertlam. I, but a small Nutshel. I am confident may with ease contain both their Courages, yet I know *Woodfleet* will fleer (he dare not grin) after Honour, and is as greedy on't, as a Cat is of a dish of Milk.

Lockwhite. 'Twill be ill bestow'd, Sir, if it light on him.

Bertlam. What a Dish of Milk.

Lockwhite. You misinterpret me, Honour I meant Sir,
If you make him groom of your Close-stool,
'Twill draw more from your goodness then his Merit,
And keep his wife in smocks too, during pleasure,
That will be (Sir) your highness pleasure.

Bertlam. It is not come to that yet.

Lockwhite. *Oliver* had it, his time is past, and your time's coming on, Princes have power o'e the persons of both Sexes.

Bertlam. Name him no more, I hate his memory.

Lockwhite. I confess, I do not much care for't, yet I hate nothing brought or brings me profit. I lov'd the Father of the Heroicks, while he had a pow'r to do me good, that failing, my reason did direct me, to that Party then prevailing, the fagg end of the parliament. What though I took the Oath of Allegiance as *Oliver*, your Lordship, and others did, (without the which I could not have sat there?) yet it Conducing not to our advantage, It was an ill Oath, better broke then kept, and so are all Oaths in the stricter sense, Laws of Nature and of Nations do dispence with matters of Divinity in' such a case, for, no Man willingly would be an Enemy to himselfe, the very beasts doe by instinct of Nature seek for self-preservation, why not Man, who is the Lord of Reason?

Oaths

Oaths, what are they, but Bubbles, that break with their own Emptineſs?

Lambert. You ſay very right, my Lord, I'm of that judgment too, and ſhall perſiſt in't.

Whitelock. Yet the Pulpiteirs belch forth Fire and Brimſtone 'gainſt it: But my Lord how could I have ſerv'd my Countrey, by ſetting the *Dane* and *Swead* by the Ears, while the Thread for a Protectorian intereſt was ſpinning here? how could I have carried on, or rather promoted the Deſign for *Iamaica*, (though it went in *Oliver's* name?) how could I have lopt off thoſe ill branches to the Common Wealth, the Caviliers and *Eſſex* his diſcontented Reformadoes? how could I have ſhew'd my ſelfe loyal to your Intereſt, by fooling *Fleetwood* in the diſſeating of *Dick*, by his diſſolving the honeſt Praliament as they call'd it, and bringing in the Odious *Rump*? how conld I in my Speech at the Councel of State, have rak'd up *Olivers* aſhes, by beſpattering him and his family, and told *Ireton*, how Providence had brought things about, and that the hand of the Lord was in't, when I meant nothing leſſe? How could I (under favour) have adviſed you to this dayes Enterprize, if I ſhould have ſtartled, or ſcrupl'd at Oaths, preferred honeſty or Divinity before temporal intereſt or humane reaſon? I deſire (my Lord) in this caſe you will be my judge.

Lambert. Nay, my Lord, you are your own judge in this Caſe, but in my Opinion you have done your ſelf but Juſtice.

Whitelock. And he that will not do Juſtice to himſelfe, will never do it to an other.

Lambert. You adviſe well.

Whitelock. My Lord, take it from me, He that will live in this world, muſt be endowed with theſe three rare Qualities; DISSIMULALION, EQUIVOCATION, and MENTAL RESERVATION.

Enter *Walker.*

Lambert. How now, the news with you.

Trotter. The Lord *Fleetwood*, Sir.

Lambert. What of him?

Trotter. My Lord, he is come, Sir.

Lambert. Prethee——Thy wit and his may walk together, admit him——I knew I should be troubled with him. *Exit Walker.*

Whitelock. I doubt not but you have prepar'd your self for the Encounter.

Enter *Fleetwood.*

Lambert. I am pretty well Antidoted gainst the Poyson, He's here——My Lord, your most submissive Servant.

Whitelock. My Lord, I cannot Complement, but I am in heart your Creature, that is, at your disposal.

Fleetwood. Seriously, I professe, I cannot reach your meaning, Gentlemen.

Lambert. You are not skill'd then in the Mathematicks, Sir.

Fleetwood, Indeed, I professe, I believe so Gentlemen, I hope things are now in the Lords handling, and will go on well, and become the doings of Christians.

Whitelock. The Government has been all this while in the horrid hands of Infidels, Jews, Pagans and Turks—I must make them up a Medly. [*Aside to Lambert.*]

Fleetwood. Yea, Abhomination hath been in the hands of Iniquity.

Lambert. But, my Lord, those hands are now cut off, and all our Ambition is, that your Lordship would take the Government into the white hands of your goodness.

Fleetwood. Who I, Gentlemen—Seriously——I professe—Indeed—And by yea and nay law—You shame me—So you doe! I can say no more, alass! I!

Whitelock. You—Why, my Lord, if you knew your self as well as I doe, you would say more.

Fleetwood. Truely, I think, I have been something in my time.

Lambert.

Lam. Something! You have been more then ſomething.

Whitelock. That's ſtark nought, (my Lord) but it ſhall paſſe. *Aſide.*

Within, where's my Lord Lambert; *where's my Lord* Lambert.

Enter *Walker.*

Lambert. What's the meaning of this?

Trotter. The Lord *Wareſton*, the Lord *Huſon*, Colonel *Cobbet*, Colonel *Duckinfield*, and others, deſire your favourable and Curteous Admittance, Sir.

Lambert. By all means, let them Enter: but my Lord be ſparing of your Speech, for theſe are Catching fellows, and will interpret ſtrangely; Our aim is onely to advance your Intereſt.

Fleetwood. You know my Lord, I can keep my Tongue within my Teeth, ſometimes.

Whitelock. 'Tis a high point of wiſdome in you, Sir.

Fleetwood. Odd ſo the are here, I cry Mum——

Enter *Wareſton*, *Desborough*, *Huſon*, *Cobbet*, *Duckinfield.*

Whitelock. The leſs you ſpeak, the better 'twill be, Sir.

Lambert. My Lord *Wareſton.*

Wareſton. *Many Beniſons lite on you for this days wark my good Loord.*

Desborough. How do you do my Lord, *Fleetwood*? how do you my Lord *Lambert*? how do you my Lord *Whitelock*? and how do you all? Hah.

Fleetwood. The better for your asking, Sir.

Desborough. Say you ſo, then I'le ask again, and how? and how?

Huſon. And what? and what?

Cobbet. Your Language cannot be Tranſlated, Brother.

Huſon. Let them take me by the meaning then.

Wareſton. *By th' Members, hawd there my Loord, 'tis ſere, and ſawpley, Sirs.*

Duckingfield. My Lords, I have not been backward in this dayes buſineſs, nor any here I think.

Lambert. 'Tis confeſt (Sir) what would you infer farther upon't?

Duckingfield. And therefore requiſite we ſhould know how things will go.

Whitelock. As they may Sir, ſoft fire makes ſweet Malt, you know that Colonel.

Desbrough. And that I know very well too, and you have ſaid very well, as much as a Man can ſay, and no more.

Huſon. And that's enough.

Duckinfield. But we are in a *Chaos*, a Confuſion.

Huſon. A meer *Chaos*, a Confuſion.

Cobbet. And the People expect ſuddenly ſomething from us.

Whitelock. Why Gentlemen, *Rome* was not built in a day.

Wareſton. *Mickle Wiſdome geod feath in that, Sirs, there's Mickle Wiſdome in that Iſe ſure yee.*

Lambert. At three a Clock we'l meet at *Wallingford-houſe* and diſcuſs the buſineſs further, what ſay you my Lord?

Fleetwood. I profeſs I ſay ſo too, at three a Clock bee't Gentlemen, what ſay you?

Duckingfield. } Wee'l waite upon you my Lords——
Huſon. Cobbet. } Your Servants.

Exeunt Duckingfield. Huſon, Cobbet.

Desbr. I proteſt I am glad of this with all my heart, for I have buſineſs in *Smithfield* where my Horſe ſtands, now it comes in my mind, on my Conſcience the Roguiſh Oſtler has not given him Oates to day, and the knaves Hay is Muſty too; well, my Man is ſuch an other Aſſe, farewell Gentlemen, I'le ſee you anon. If I come not ſoon enough, pray keep me a place in the Councel, or let my Vote ſtand for one, no matter how. *Exit.*

Wareſton. *An geod raſon too my Loord, he's a braw Mon tl'is, my Leords yee kenn him weele enough.*

Whitelock.

Whitelock. And you too, Sir.

Lambert. Come my Lord *Wareſtone*, We preſume you are a knowing Man, to what kind of Government ſtand you affected?

Wareſton. *E'ne tel what ye pleaſe Sir.*

Whitelock. What think you of a Single perſon? here's my Lord *Fleetwood.*

Wareſton. *Marry an he's a braw Man, Sir, but are ye in good earneſt Sirs.*

Lambert. What elſe, my Lord.

Wareſton. *Bred a God Iſe for him than.*

Whitelock. You ſee, my Lord, how Heaven does raiſe you friends.

Fleetwood. Seriouſly I profeſs my Lord you know, 'tis none of my ſeeking. *Aſide*

Whitelock. Nor is like to be of your enjoying ——— My Lord, a word with you, what if my Lord *Lambert* were the Man?

Wareſton. *Reight Sir——On'e in on word ya ha ſpoken aw. Sir, he's a Man, indeed Man, gif* Wareſton *ha any braines Sir.*

Whitelock. You will live I ſee Sir——My Lord he's your friend now.

Lambert. No matter whoſe, he's a required Property, and muſt be uſed by ſome body ——And why ſo Melancholly, My Lord?

Fleetwood. I profeſs not I, I was thinking 'twas Dinner time.

Lambert. Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to take part of our ſmall Cheer?

Fleetwood. No indeed my Lord I thank you, not I, my wife I profeſs ſtayes for me, adue Gentlemen all——

Exit Fleetwood.

Omnes. Your Servants my Lord.

Lambert. Nor you my Lord *Wareſton*?

Wareſton. *Ne in good feath, Sir pardon me, Iſe invited by a gay Man Sirs, tel platters of bra Capons Sirs and aw the*

the ſoles in the Eyre, Sirs, I an marry Sirs, tol one a my none Countrey men ta, good feath noow.

Lambert. If you pleaſe to ſtay my Lord, y'are welcome.

Wareſton. *Gods Benizon and mine lite on you, Sir, good feath, y'are ſike a bra Man, 'twould breſt Mons hert to part fro yee, I ſee e'n yar humble Servant my good Loord.*

Lambert. You'l ſtay then.

Wareſton. *I marry Sir, wi yar none ſell toll deeth Sir, gif ye ta plaſe Sir.*

Fleetwood. I knew, a ſmall hair would have drawn him to your Table, without this adoe.

Lambert. My Lord, *Whitelock* lead the way.

Wareſton. *After yee is goodmanners Sir*—— *Speaking to the L.* Lockwhite.

Whitelock. That's more then you know ——My Lord, I am your Servant.

Lambert. I'le break off the Complement then. A Treatement (ſometimes) proves a Trap to Men.

Exeunt.

ACT the II. SCENE the I.

Enter the Lady *Lambert*, and *Priſſilla* her Woman.

LAdy *Lambert. Priſs, Priſs.*

Priſſilla. Madam.

Lady *Lambert.* Why, how now *Priſs*? where haſt thou left thy breeding, in thy other Pocket? Art thou not read in Times and Seaſons?

Priſſilla. I never was ſuch a fool to put truſt in Almanack-makers yet, Madam.

Lady

Lady *Lambert.* What a Wench art thou? and why *Madam*, prethee? there's a word indeed, as Common as the Cries about the Town.

Priſſilla. Your Ladyſhip hath us'd me to't.

Lady *Lambert.* I'le break that Cuſtome, 'tis a rude one; haſt thou no wit Wench? canſt thou pick out no better Tittle for me.

Priſſilla. Inſooth I cannot reach it yet, *Madam.*

Lady *Lambert.* Reach a fools head of thy own, ſure thou art Mad, Wench.

Priſſilla. The Secretary Indeed ſayes I am a Mad Wench, but I thank my Stars I can make a fool of Twenty ſuch as he is, *Madam.*

Lady *Lambert.* Agen, can fleſh and blood endure this, I muſt new Mold thy Manners, *Madam*! there's a Gimmers Title, out upon't.

Preſſilla, Seriouſly I know not by what other Names or Titles to diſtinguiſh you, *Madam.*

Lady *Lambert.* I profeſs thou art dull, abhominable dull, doſt thou not know upon what Score my dear, and ſecond-ſelf is gone to *Wallingford-Houſe*?

Priſſilla. How ſhould I *Madam*, I cannot Divine?

Lady *Lambert.* Lord help thy head, why, he is gon to be made a made a Man Wench.

Priſſilla. Was he not ſo before, if not, your Ladyſhip hath had but an ill time on't.

Lady *Lambert.* The Prince of Men, you Bagage; thou art ſuch a Dull one.

Priſſilla. I cannot help it, *Madam*, while I remain in Ignorance.

Lady *Lambert.* I ſee I muſt open thy Eyes by way of Explanation; Then know that from henceforth I will be called *her Highneſs.*

Priſſilla. Nay, now you tell me what you would be call'd, I ſhall Obey *your Highneſs.*

Lady *Lambert.* It will do well, and 'twill be but your Duty, prethee tell me, how doſt think I ſhall Behave my ſelf in't? *She ſtrutts it.*

Prissilla. Highly well, you cannot chuse, you begin so soon, if it shall please *your Highness.*

Lady *Lambert.* I thing I am better shap'd for't then *Joan*, or what do you call her *Cromwell.* *She surveys her self.*

Pris. Abundantly, for at her best She was but a bundle of F—— *Madam*——Lord, I am so forgetfull, *Highness* I should have said.

Lady *Lambert.* That's the word, Con it, and be perfect in't, or I profess you and I shall part—— *Pris repeats to her selfe, Highness, Highness, Highness, Highness.* Enter Trotter.

What's the Newes with you?

Am I sent for to *Wallingford-House*?

Trotter. No, *Madam.*

Lady *Lambert.* What a beetle-headed fellow's this.

Prissilla. Highness, you Changling; you must call her Highness. *Prissilla* pulls him by the Skirt.

Trotter. No, and it shall please your Highness.

Lady *Lambert.* It pleases me very well, What's your business. *She struts it, and surveys her self.*

Trotter. Gammer *Cromwell* would speak a word or two with your Highness.

Lady *Lambert.* Bid the poor Woman waite without, I'le do her what good I can for her poor Childrens sake.

Prissilla. Or rather for Husbands sake, if it shall please *your Highness*; good turns ought not to be forgotten.

Lady *Lambert.* Thou say'st true, One good turn requires another, he was, I confess, a Man every Inch of him.

Prissilla. I, and though he was out with my Lord many times, he would be in with you, as the saying is, and please *your Highness.*

Lady *Lambert.* Well, I care not if I go to her.

Prissilla. Your Highness will decline much your State then.

Lady *Lambert.* Say'st thou so *Pris*, *Trotter* admit her, I'le hear what the sad Creature can say for her self.

Exit Trotter.

Enter

Enter *Trotter*, and Mistriss *Cromwell* the Elder.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. I thought I should have staid at the door till midnight; Marry come up Mrs. Minks. Is there such a doe to speak with you? No marvail indeed.

Lady *Lambert*. Prethee woman what would'st have?

Mrs. *Cromwell*. Thy Husband by the throat had I him here, and I could find in my heart in the mean time, to claw thy Eyes out, and make thee wear black patches, for something, thou proud imperious Slut thou.

Lady *Lambert*. The Woman sure is lately come from *Billingsgate*: *Priss*, ask how Oysters goe there.

Priss. She's very quick of hearing, and's please your *Highness*.

Cromwell. *Highness* in the Divels Name, it is not come to that sure yet, is it? hah! Thy Husband may be hang'd first like a Crafty knave as he is; Did my Husband make him a Lord for this? to Raise our Family? Or as the Word is indeed, Trapan'um? Curse on the time thy Husband was born, he fool'd my Son in Law to betray the Innocent Babe my poor Child *Richard*, that Our Fames are now brought to the Slaughter houses, and the very Names of the *Cromwells* will become far more Odious then ever *Needham* could make the *Heroicks*; Wo worth the time.

Lady *Lambert*. *Priss*, I pitty he Creature, ne're trust me, alass it Weeps.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. Thou ly'st Baggage; I scorn thy pitty, my Spirit is above it — Let me come at her — As Old as I am I can spoile that fine face, my dear, deceased Lord, did so much dote on, let me come at her,

Hands off I'le do't thou *Jezabell*. *Priss* holds her.

Lady *Lambert*. She begins to rave, send her to *Bedlam* among her Consorts.

Trotter. I promise you, you shall have clean straw Mrs. *Cromwell*.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Out Rogue, Raſcal, Vagabon, a fellow rais'd from the horſe heels, do'ſt thou upbraid me too? Ile be the death of thee, if thou com'ſt neer me.

Oh *Dick, Dick,* had'ſt thou had but thy Fathers Spirit, thy Mother ne're had come unto this Shame. *She falls back into a chair.*

Lady *Lambert. Priſs,* a Cordial preſently, Odds ſo ſhe faints.

Priſs. I run, and't pleaſe *your Highneſs*-- I have it here. *Priſſilla goes in and enters immediately.*

Lady *Lambert,* Prethee give it her, I would not for a hundred pound She ſhould die here. we ſhould be put to th' Charge of burying her. *Then Priſs offers her the cordiall, She ſtarts up and with her hand caſts it on the ground.*

Priſſilla. 'Tis a Pretious Cordial-Water of my own making, *Madam,* I hope there's no offence in that.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* I need it not, proud Woman, I Divine This Scorn will be Reveng'd on thee and thine. *Exit.*

Lady *Lambert.* Farewell Nought, Th'art better loſt then ſought.

Priſſilla. She has a Notable Spirit of her own.

Lady *Lambert.* 'Twill get her nothing, She beats againſt the Wind,

Priſſilla. She's Wind fall'n, and't pleaſe *your Highneſs.*

Lady *Lambert.* 'Tis an ill wind (they ſay) bloughs no body good, Let her rave, and rail, my deareſt ſecond-ſelf will fare the better for't.

Priſſilla. The fox fares beſt, when he is curſt.

Trotter. Priſs, Priſs, a word or two. Sweet *Priſs.* *As they are going off, the Secretary pulls Priſs by the Sleeve.*

Priſſilla. Why how now Sawce? Plain *Priſs?* Am not I her *Highneſs* Maid of honour?

Trotter. I know thou art a Maid of Honour, but the meaning of this, dear *Priſs?*

Priſſilla. The meaning of what, thou Novice?

Trotter.

Trotter. That *Madam* is ſo ſuddenly turn'd to *Highneſs*? Is my Lord made Protector?

Priſs. No, you Dunce, well, thou art the ſimpleſt *Trotter*! what muſt I finde thee brains and Underſtanding, know then and grow wiſe upon't, She will be Proteſtoreſs whether he be Protector or not: If he has any Honour it muſt come from her, for ought I ſee; She is before hand with him, and hath Inſtall'd her ſelf already, I'm ſure my Voyce was Herald to't, thou pitious thing, queſtion the Pride and pleaſure of a Woman? I will have thee Scribe to know the time will come I ſhall have Honour too; and be Courted by the better ſort.

Trotter. Have I been wanting in that Duty, *Priſs*?

Priſſilla. Wanting, why thou art alwayes wanting, never provided, ſtill behinde hand, never before hand to a Woman; this I profeſs, and to thy ſhame be it ſpoken: And therefore walk upon't, I have no more to ſay to thee.

Trotter. But I have ſomething to ſay to thee, oh Ungrateful *Priſs*!

Priſſilla. Ungrateful? and why Ungrateful, pray?

Trotter. Haſt thou forgot the ſmall token I ſent thee?

Priſsilla. It was a ſmall one indeed if it came from thee.

Trotter. The tweezers out of *France*.

Priſsilla. Did Travail Hither, but were as dull as he that ſent them, they would not cut a feather. Is that your precious Preſent? If thou haſt no better, Walk alone for *Priſs*, She's not for thy Company.

Trotter. Nay, Dear *Priſs*, ſhall We be Married.

Priſſilla. What are you ſo hot, Sir? there's a jeſt indeed, Marry, before your Prentiſhip is out?

Trotter. What doſt thou mean Wench? prethee kiſs me.

Priſsilla I'le ſee better Clothes on your back firſt.

Trotter. Why, are not theſe good?

Priſsilla. Enough, had not a fool the Wearing of 'um.

Trotter. Thou may'ſt ſay any thing *Priſs*, I may have better.

Priſsilla. When that time comes, and thy Wit is

more refin'd, I may ſay ſomething to thee.

Trotter. Oh my Dear *Priſs*, in the mean time, let me but kiſs thy hand.

Priſſilla. That you may, but hear me, be not proud on't. Nor take this as a punctual promiſe from me, I love my ſelſe better then ſo.

Trotter. Yet I may live in hope.

Priſſilla. If it were not for hope, the heart would break, they ſay: But odds ſo, I forget my Duty to *her Highneſs*.

Trotter. And ſo do I, thou haſt Tranſported me.

Priſſilla. Not to *Jamica* yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. *Cromwell*, and the Lady *Fleetwood*.

Lady *Fleetwood.* Good Lady Mother, be patient.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Good Lady Fool, hold your prating; Was ever Mother ſo unhappy, or Children ſo ſenſleſsly ungratious?

Lady *Fleetwood.* I beſeech you think not ſo, things will make for the beſt.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Oh fond Girl, what hope canſt thou create unto thy ſelf, can ſave Us now from ſinking? We muſt periſh, undoubtedly We muſt; though *Lambert* carry a ſmooth Tongue to thy Husband, it ſpeaks not the Language of his heart, for that is rugged. It will deceive him as it did thy Brother, and the late Idolized Parliament which he ſet up, out of a Malice to thy Fathers Memory, to make it Odious, becauſe he pull'd the *Babell* down, yet now he has uſurp'd that Priviledge himſelf; let his pretence be what it will, it bears no other Weight but that of his Ambition, to which thy Husband is a Property.

Enter *Fleetwood.*

Fleetwood. Mother I profeſs I'm glad to ſee you here, ne're truſt me law, how do you forſooth.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* The worse for thee, I wish I ne're had known the time Occasion'd thee to call me Mother.

Fleetwood. Why forsooth Mother, if it please your Highness?

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Oh monstruous, not to be endur'd! I have been tame too long, the fool hath found a way t'upbraid my misery, She had a husband dear *Ireton*, my best of Sons, had Wit, and by his Councel stilted up Our Honours, which thou pull'st down as fast by thy simplicity.

Fleetwood. I professs, ne're trust me, I speak Ingeniously ne're stur now, I am no such Baby neither, as you take me to be, Mother.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* A meer Stalking horse to *Lambert*'s Pride; his Wife, that Minion, doth assume that title, I once, and my Son *Richard*'s wife Enjoyed; She will be called her Highness with a horse pox, while I am call'd Old *Joan*, Old *Bess*, Old *Bedlam*, Old Witch, Old Hagg, the Commonwealth's Night Mare; 'tis well if any have the modesty to call me Gammer, or old Mrs. *Cromwell*, and leave out many other horrid Nick-Names, this Infamy and more thou hast brought on Us. *She weeps.*

Lady *Fleetwood.* Good Mother, do not Weep.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Would I were dead; Nothing Torments me more, then that thy Father, who whilst he liv'd, was call'd the most Serene, the most Illustrious and most Puissant Prince; (whilst that the fawning Poets Panegyricks smell'd with Ambitious Epitheres) is now call'd th' fire-brand of Hell, Monster of Mankinde, Regicide, Homicide, Murtherer of Piety, a Rump of flesh sok'd in a Sea of blood, Traytor to God and goodness, an Advancer of Fiends and Darkness; such as these and worse, could I but think on 'um are daily cast into my Ears, by every idle fellow.

Fleetwood. I pray take their Names, I professs Mother, I'le Order them, as I am here.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Thou Order 'um alass! they value not so poor a thing as thou art, had *Dick* continued, he had kept

keep Our Fame up fair it the World, none durſt have blemiſht it. They tell me, that the time is coming, I muſt make a Stall my Court, and learn to thrive by Footing Stockings; and if that won't do it, I muſt be (what I ne'r was) a Woman of Carriage, either for Tubs of Ale, as Suiting beſt with my Original Condition, or elſe for Oyſters; I was made for Burthens, and am too Old, and Ugly to cry Orinoges: If theſe Trades fail me, then I muſt turn Bawd, they think me tough enough t'endure that Tempeſt, and tell me there's a place call'd *Sodom*, will receive me and my Retinue; I know it not, but thus I am made a Publick ſcorn by all Men? And in that, thee nor thine, nor any other that claim relation to Us are exempted; And all this by thy foolery.

Fleetwood. I profeſs Mother, I will be even with 'um, I know what I know, and ther's an end, as I am here.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* I would there were an end to Our diſgraces, which I do propheſie is but beginning. What will become of that fair Monument thy careful father did Erect unto thy memory, before (leaſt none ſhould do't after) thy death, next to thy Husband *Iretons*; nay, even of his, thy fathers too, and all that living bore a love to him and Us; The raging Malice of proud *Lambert* is ſo irriſiſtible, 'twill deſtroy all.

Fleetwood. I profeſs Mother, my Lord *Lambert*, is a very honeſt Gentleman, and he loves me well, I profeſs now to you? well, I know what I know, few words are beſt, I am and muſt be the Man when all is done, as I am here.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* 'Tis very likely, when all is done, thou'rt be the Man will prove their Scorn and laughing-ſtock.

Fleetw. I profeſs now Mother, in ſober ſadneſs, I ſcorn the words, ſo I do, —You know what I told you, Sweet heart, as I am here.

Lady *Fleetwood.* Very well, and do believe't, though you forſooth are ſo doubtful,

Mrs. *Cromwel.* Doubtful, of what? of that I never heard.

Fleetwood.

Fleetwood. No more words, but Mum, I say, I charge you Sweet-heart.

Enter a *Messenger* from the Committee of Safety.

Messenger. My Lord, the Councel waites your coming.

Fleetwood. Why law ye now, as I am here, you thought I warrant, I should not be sent for neither; I professe forsooth Mother you are very hard of belief——Tell the Lords I'm coming

Messenger. I shall, my Lord, most honoured Lady your most humble Servant. Your humble Servant *Madam.* *Exit.*

Mrs. *Cromwell.* I have seen this fellows face before, methinks he does retain something oth' duty he paid me formerly.

Lady *Fleetwood.* Be but patient Mother, I'le warrant things will go according to your wish.

Fleetwood. I, if you'l have some patience, if not, I professe Mother, I cannot tell how to help it, for I must to Coach, that's the truth on't, Sweet-heart, pray make much of my Mother. *Exit Fleetwood.*

Lady *Fleetwood.* Will you please to walk in, forsooth.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* My heart was very heavy when I came hither, 'tis somewhat now at ease, by the disburthening of my Oppressing Griefs.

Lady *Fleetwood.* I hope forsooth, you'l have no cause to Create more of them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady *Lambert*, and *Prissilla.*

Lady *Lambert.* Hast thou Summoned those inferiour things?

Priss. What the Ladies of the last Edition?

Lady *Lambert.* Those whose husbands have been Stygmatiz'd by *Noll* and *Dick*, with the Tittle of Baronets.

Priss.

Priſs. I gave Order to *Trotter* to Trot about it, an't ſhall pleaſe your Highneſs.

Enter *Trotter.*

Trotter. The Ladies are coming forth.

Lady *Lambert.* They were not bound to their good behaviour, but—— 'Tis well they underſtand their Duties; ſet Us Our Chair of State, and then admit 'um.

Enter *Ladies.*

Lady *Lambert.* Gentlewomen, for Ladies We cannot call you, your Obedience to our Commands is well reſented, if you perſever in't you will Oblige Our favour: *Priſs.* proceed.

Priſs. By what Authority, and from whom do you derive your Titles of *Madams* I pray.

Ladies. From Our Husbands.

Priſs. What are they? of what ſtanding?

1. *Lady* Of no long ſtanding, We confeſs.

Priſs. That's a common complaint, and a general grievance.

Lady *Lambert.* And ſhall be taken into conſideration for a thing we know: *Priſs.* prick that down in your Note book: Who made your Husbands Knights?

Ladies. Oliver the firſt.

Lady *Lambert.* Of horrid memory put that in your Note book *Priſs.*

Ladie. And *Richard.*

Priſs. Of Sottiſh memory, ſhall I put that down too? 'tis remarkable?

Lady *Lambert.* By all means, put it down in the Margent as a hand directing to the reſt.

Priſs. Of the fooliſh Families, 'tis done an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

Lady *Lambert.* What Coates of Armes do your Huſbands bear?

1. *Lady.*

1. *Lady.* Who? mine, Madam.

Lady *Lambert.* I, thine, Woman.

Priſſilla. You a Lady, and ſhew ſo little manners; Forget her Highneſs!

Lady *Lambert.* I paſs by their Dirty breeding. Woman, We ſay, what Coat of Arms does thy Husband give?

1 *Lady.* He bears *Argent upon a Bend Gules, three Cuckolds Heads Attyr'd Or.*

Priſſilla. Three Cuckolds Heads! Why one is ſufficient in all conſcience.

1. *Lady.* 'Tis a Paternal Coat belonging to the Family of the *Wittals.*

Priſſilla. It may be they were Founders of *Cuckolds-haven.*

Lady *Lambert.* No more of Cuckolds, *Priſs.* 'tis opprobrious, and intrencheth much upon the Honor of our Sex: Put that down in your Note-book as a publick Grievance, and it concerns us to look after and the Committee of Safety to Remedy.

2. *La.* 'Tis a material and punctual point to a Woman.

Lady *Lambert.* And what does thy Husband give, prithee?

2 *Lady.* He bears *Three Gauntlets Dexter, Or.*

Priſſilla. Or again: Your Highneſs may perceive they have had Golden times on't.

Lady *Lambert. Dexter Or*: Well, we know he has been an *Ambo-Dexter* all his life time, and he ſhall now give another Coat; *A body without a Head in a Field Sable*—— And what's thine, prithee?

3. *Lady.* Ours is but *Parte per pale.*

Lady *Lambert. Parte per pale*: What's that?

Priſs. A Motely Coat of two colours.

Lady *Lambert.* 'Tis a wonder with what Impudence thoſe Fellows *Noll* and *Dick* could Knightifie your Husbands! For 'tis a Rule in *Heraldry*, that none can make a Knight but he that is a Knight himſelf: 'Tis *Zanca Panca's* Caſe in *Donquixott.*

1 *Lady.* If none can make a Knight but he that is a Knight, how shall our Husband receive honor from your Husband, who is no Knight himself?

Lady *Lambert.* Let me alone to Dub him.

Pris. You have done that already, and 't please your Highness.

1 *Lady.* If Dubbing our Husband will cary it, we can do that our selves.

Lady *Lambert.* But Ours is of greater Honor and Antiquity, and therefore ought to take place. Receive that as a Maxime from Us, dispute no further.

Ladies. We shall not.

Lady *Lambert.* Since, being infranchis'd through our grace and favour you are become Members of Our Common-wealth, Declare your Grievances, and we'l hear 'em, whether publick or private.

1 *Lady.* Begin with the private first, Sweet Mrs. *Pris.*

Prissilla. This Lady complains her Husband prays too much, and it takes him off his other business.

Lady *Lambert.* There can be no Charity in that Man is remiss in his Benevolence. Receive that as another Maxime——— *Pris.* You mind Us not.

Pris. I'm pricking of it down, and't please your *Highness.*

Lady *Lambert.* But, it may be he prays when's Zeal's on fire (as Bells ring) backwards.

1 *Lady.* And then he rails against the Whore of *Babylon,* and the people think he calls me whore.

Lady *Lambert.* That's gross, and shews small breeding; We'l have it rectifi'd, it concerns Us.

2 *Lady.* And my husband says I talk in my sleep, and call on Men to come to bed to me, and discover his infirmities.

Lady *Lambert.* Oh! have a care of that.

2 *Lady.* Have a care of what? Were he capable of more care of me, I should have less care of my selfe.

Prissilla. I commend the Ladies resolution,

Lady *Lambert.* And what sayest thou?

3 *Lady.*

3 *Lady.* Why truly I cannot ſay much, My husband is a Man of reaſon, and is willing I ſhould ſatisfie my ſelfe; he knows the faillngs of Women, and impaites it to the frailty of our Sex.

Lady *Lambert.* He's an honeſt Man, I warrant him.

Priſſilla. Such a Husband for my Money.

1 *Lady.* As you are a Lover of Women, let the act of the 24 of *June* againſt *Fornication* be repeal'd; me thinks it frights, as there were a Furnace in't.

Lady *Lambert.* As there were Conveniencies in that Act, which ty'd up Mens tongues from babling, ſo there were deſtructive Inconveniencies in't; for familiarity was not ſo frequently uſed between Man and Woman as formerly when you muſt know Society is the life of Republicks,— *Martin* the firſt, and *Peters* the ſecond—Indeed things were rather done in fear then freedome.

1 *Lady.* In a Free State who is not Free?

2 *La.* I beſeech you in the next place, that the Cavaliers may not be lookt upon as Monſters, for they are Men.

1 *Lady.* And that it may be imputed no Crime to keep 'em company, for they are honeſt.

3 *Lady.* And men that will ſtand to their Tackling.

Lady *Lambert.* Well, we'l have theſe amended: What have you more to ſay?

1 *Lady.* Now, Mrs. *Priſs*, to the Publick, I pray.

Priſsilla. Whereas ſeveral abuſes have lately crept in amongſt Us.

Lady *Lambert.* That's a ſmall abuſe; Love muſt creep till it can go.

Priſs. Her highneſs hath the Feeling ſence of it, and gropes out the meaning already, you ſee.

1 *Lady.* We could not go to *Hide-park*, nor *Spring-garden* ſo much as with our own Husbands.

Lady *Lambert.* Why, What had you to do to go with them? Could you find no better Company?

1 *Lady.* Good men were ſcarce; and then to avoyd ſuſpition.

Priſs. In my fooliſh opinion that rather begat it; what walk with your own Husband? How contrary to Conſcience and high breeding is that?

Lady *Lambert.* When things are ſettl'd, wee'l have an act that no Lady or Gentlewoman ſhal be put to that Slavery, but ſhall have liberty to walk or——talk, with whom they pleaſe.

2. Lady. Now may a Multitude of mens bleſſings light on you.

Lady *Lambert. Priſs.* proceed.

Priſs. Here's a Lady deſires a Patent for Painting.

Lady *Lambert.* 'Tis too great a grant for a Subject, we intend it for our ſelfe and to that end, have employed ſeveral perſons as our Agents in forraign parts, to find out the readieſt and ſecureſt way for making it, that it may not eat into the Cheeks, beget Wrinckles, impare the Eye-ſight, or rot the Teeth.

3 Lady. I have found the woful experience of that.

Lady *Lambert.* We have Intelligence of a Water that will in two hours time take the wither'd skin off the face, and a new one ſuddenly ſhall ſupply the place. That no Lady or Gentlewoman, though ſhe have out-worn Sixty, ſhall appear above five and twenty years of Age.

Priſs. That makes your highneſs look ſo ſmooth upon't

Lady *Lambert.* There's no Invention for ſleeking, glazing, or annointing, but we have notice of; and for Powders and Perfumes, we may be ſented a ſtreet off.

Ladyes. Oh ſweet Woman!

Lady *Lambert.* Then for Attyring, and to find out the Mazes of Faſhions, there's no Lady but muſt follow Us,

Ladyes. You are at a great charge ſure.

Lady *Lambert.* We are ſo, but 'tis Princely.--[*ſhe riſes.*]

1. *Lady.* We hope your Highneſſe will remember the foregoing premiſſes.

Lady *Lambert. Priſs.* be it your care to mind Us, We muſt to *Wallingford* Houſe and have um confirm'd,

And in the mean time, let our Muſick play,
To Celebrate the Glory of this Day. *Exeunt.*

ACT

Act the III. Scene the I.

Enter one of the Dorekeepers, he trims up the Table, layes the Paper and Standish's in their places; then Enter 2 Clerks to the Committee.

1 *Clerk.* The Lords are coming.

Dorekeeper. Are you ſure on't.

Clerk. They are upon us already.

Dorekeep. That they are not, Ile aſſure you Gentlemen, However I will attend my charge. Keep back there, keep back there, I ſay, keep back there, make room for the Lords there. God bleſs your Honours.

Enter. Lambert, Fleetwood, Whitlock, *and* Wareſton.

Enter. Duckinfield *and* Cobbet, *they paſs a Complement to the reſt,* Cobbet *takes* Wareſton *by the hand,* Duckinfield *and they walk together whiſpering,* Lambert Fleetwood *and* Whitlock *do the like, after a turn or two* Lambert *ſpeaks.*

Lambert. It muſt be done (my Lord) we have nothing el'e to take him off.

Whitlock. *Scots*, we! know generally are greedy of gain, and ſince we have made him Preſident, and ſenſible of our Secrets, 'tis requiſite we do ſomething to ſtop his Mouth.

Lam. For he's a gaping fellow, it muſt be done, my Lord.

Fleetwood. Say you ſo, I profeſs, ſeriouſly, If I thought good would enſue on't, with all my heart.

Cobbet. My Lord believe us, all We can ſerve you in, you may Command. (*Cobbet to Wareſton.*

Duckinfield. And you ſhall find it ſo when occaſion ſerves, and the Governments new molded.

Wareſton *Marry Sirs, and Iſe ſa mold itt, twas neer ſo molded ſen the Dam bound the head on't*

Cobbet. I know there are ſome Ambitious ſpirits, would have it ſettled in a ſingle perſon, but we are quite againſt it.

Wareſton. *The ſaw Deel ſplit his pipe will be fort than, for Archibald Jhonſon.*

Ducking. But my Lord *Lambert* is a ſtirring Man, you ſee.

VVareſton. *Lambert, let Lambert gang to Bedlam in the Deels nams, what ha I ta da with him, Iſe your humble Servant Gentlemen.*

Enter

Enter Desbrough *and* Huſon.

Desbr. How do you, how do you, and how dow do you my Lords and Gentlemen all, how do you?

Huſon. And how do you, how do you?

Wareſton. *Ah my good Loords, ken yee me, Sirs.*

Lambert. We ſhall make up our number anon: Will you pleaſe to aſſume the Chair, my Lord.

Wareſton. *Marry, and I ſe your humble Servant, my good Loord* Lambert.

Desbr. Come come, What Goverment muſt we have? what Goverment muſt we have?

Huſon. I, I, I; What Goverment? Let's know quickly: Come, you talk of *Conſervetat*, *Conſervetat*, 'tis a hard word, hang't; but there's *tors* in't, I'm ſure of that.

Duckinfield. Conſervator, my Lord! *Conſervator.*

Huſon. Conſervators let it be then; When ſhall we have um, when ſhall We have um?

Lambert. My Lord, We'l think on that hereafter.

Huſon. Hereafter comes not yet then, it ſeems.

Desbr. But while the graſs grows the horſe may ſtarve.

Cobbet. Howere, Gramercy Horſe, though't has no tail to't.

Wareſton. *Geodfeath Sirs, and Ile tell you a blithe tale of a* Scottiſh *Puddin, will gar ye aw tell laugh, Sirs.*

Lambert. That Puddin will have no end to't good my Lord.

Desbr. I love to hear of a Puddin ſo it be a *bag-puddin.*

Huſon. So do I, if it be a good one.

Wareſt. *Bred a goad, as good a puddin as ere was cut up Sirs.*

Fleetwood. I proteſs my hair ſtands an end.

Duckinfield. No more Swearing, my Lord, 'tis not ſeaſonable in this place.

Wareſton. *Harke ye me than, Sirs, mind ye me now or neere: There was a poor woman, Sirs, bog'd oth Carle the Speaker Sirs, an heed geeber nought Whilke gard her to let a crack, Sirs; I marry quo the Woman quo now I ſee my Rump has a Speaker too, Haw lick yee my Tayle noow, Sirs?*

Omnes

Omnes, Ha, ha, ha!

Lambert. My Lord, I know you have many of e'm, but pray let's mind our buſineſs.

Desbr. Buſineſs, Why there's the thing, I think every man ought to mind his buſineſs: I ſhould go and beſpeak a pair of Mittins and Sheers for my Sheerer, a pair of Cards for my Thraſher, a Scythe for my Mower, hob-nayl-Shooes for my Carter, a Skreen for my Lady Wife; and I know not what: My head is ſo full of buſineſs, I cannot ſtay, Gentlemen.

Whitlock. Fy, fy, Gentlemen, will you neglect the buſineſs of this Day? We meet to gratifie our Friends.

Desbr. Nay, then do what you will, ſo I may riſe time enough to ſee my Horſe at night.

Whitlock. Is that it? *Clerk* read what we paſt the other Day; I mean the heads of 'em; what Papers and Petitions remain in your hands referring to this Days buſineſs.

Cobbet. Forbid we ſhould be backward in rewarding ſuch have done Service to the Common-wealth.

Whitlock. There's Money enough, Gentlemen.

Duckinfield. If we knew where to find it. However, *Clerk*, read. To *Walter Walton* Draper 692*l*. 6*s*. 5*d*. for Blacks for his Highneſs.

Lambert. For a Halter! Put it down for *Oliver Cromwel's* Burial. We'l have no record riſe up in judgment againſt Us for ſuch a Villain.

Whitlock. But firſt let's conſider whether that were good Service, or not.

Lambert. However, we'l give him a Paper for't: Let him get his money when he can: Paper is not ſo Dear, Gentlemen, and the Clerks pains will be rewarded.

Wareſton. *Good Conſideration my Good Lord; bred Sir, that* Cromwell *was the verieſt Limmer Loone that ere came intoll our Countrey, the faw Deel hastane him bith Lugs by this time for robbing ſo rich a Countrey; bred Sirs, I.*

Fleetwood. I profeſs my Lord *Wareſton* you are to blame, I promiſe you, you are; Why do you ſwear ſo;

Wareſton.

Wareſton. *Geod feath I gi you thanks for your chaſtiſement, Iſe fit ye Sir, an proſeſs ta, an lee gif you ha mee.*

Cobb. That may bring you profit indeed. *Clerk*, proceed.

Clerk, To *Walter Froſt* Treaſurer of the Contingencies, 5000 *l.* To Mr. *Edward Backwell* 4600 *l.* To Mr. *Hutchinſon* Treaſurer of the Navy, 200000 *l.*

Warſton. *Ounds there's a ſum! marry it came from a Canon ſure.*

Clerk. To Mr. *Backwell* more 326 *l.* 16 *s.* 5 *d.* To Mr. *Ice* 400 *l.* To Mr. *Thurloe* late Secretary to his ——

Whitlock, To *Oliver Cromwell* ſay, leave out Highneſs: You were order'd ſo before, where ere you find it.

Clerk, Secretary to *O. Cromwell*, 2999 *l.* 5 *s.* 7 *d.* for Intelligence, and Trappanning the Kings liege people.

Warſton. *Marry Sirs, an ye gif ſo faſt, yeel gi an away fro poore* Archibald Johnſon.

Whitlock. Oyl the wheel (my Lord) your Engine will go the better: Move for him firſt. [*Aſide*]

Lambert. Be it your buſineſs, Ile do as much for you.

Whitlock, Content. Gentlemen, ſince we have ſet this Day apart from other buſineſs, purpoſely to gratifie our moſt concerned Friends, let us conſider the Worth of the Lord *Wareſton*, a perſon of eminent fidelity and truſt.

Wareſton. *Geod feath, and I ha been a truſty Trojan, Sirs.*

Fleetw. We know it very well Sir, I profeſs, my Lord.

Ducksnſi. And 'tis but reaſon you ſhould be rewarded.

Desbr. Ide ſcorn to let a Dog go unrewarded.

Huſon. And ſo would I, he fawns ſo prettily.

Cobbet. My Lord, you are Witty, I hope we ſhall have no more on't. *Huſon.* And performs his graces to a *Scottiſh* Pipe ſo handſomely.

Duckinfield. You may content your ſelf with that (my Lord) he is our Friend.

Warſton. *Geod feath Sirs, an ſa I am; wha denyes it?*

Huſon. Nay, my Lord, we are not Foes; I am for you.

Desbr. And ſo am I, as I live.

Warſton. *Geod feath weel ſed ye ken well enough Iſe ſure, Iſe a man can ſerve ye aw, Sirs: Sin ye are ſo kind Sirs, Scribe read my Paper to.* *Whitlock.*

Whitlock. You have a Petition then?

Wareſton. *Good feath I had been a very fool as ſs.*

Lambert. Give us the ſubſtance of it.

Clerk. That your Honours would be pleas'd, in conſideration of his faithful Service, and the conſtant charge he is at, both at home and abroad.

Huſon. That's his whores.

Clerk. To grant him ſome certain conſiderable ſum of mony for his preſent ſupply.

Duckinfield. Order him Two thouſand pound.

Lambert. Seriouſly, let it be Three thouſand, Gentlemen. You muſt underſtand he is much in debt.

War. *Goods benizon light on your ſaw, my good Lord* Lambert.

Huſon. Three thouſand pound! Why, half ſuch a ſum will buy all *Scotland.*

Wareſton. *Bred Sir, ye leoke bett blindly out than.*

Lambert. Gramercy, my Lord.

Cobbet. Well Brother, the time was, a mite of it would have bought all the Shooes in your ſhop. I will not ſay your Stall for your Honour ſake, though now you do abound in *Iriſh* Lands.

Wareſton. *T'are my good friend Sir, good feath y'ave eene hit him home, Clerk, gang a tyny bit farder.*

Clerk. That your Honors would be pleaſed to Confer ſome Annual Penſion upon him.

Lambert. Gentlemen I think that but reaſon; he has been faithfull, and I hold him a good Common-wealths Man, and the rather becauſe *Hazlerigge* hath ſo beſpatter'd him: ſince you have conſented to his preſent ſupply, let him not ſuffer for want of a future one: What think you of 400 *l. per an.*' Tis but ſmall. Say, are you willing to't, Gentlemen?

Omnes. I, I, I.

Lambert. Are you pleas'd, my Lord?

Wareſton. *Bred, thar'es a queſtion indeed; Qunz. Sir. ye ha won my heart.*

Lambert. Then Gentlemen, ſince my Lord *Whitlock's* Modeſty is ſuch he cannot ſpeake for himſelfe, give me leave to become an humble Suitor in his behalf——

Lambert. That you will be pleased to make him Constable of *Windsor* Castle, Warden of the Forrests, *&c.* Lieutenant of the Castle and Forrests, with the Rents, Perquisites, and profits thereof. Gentlemen, I need not instance his faithfulness to us and our Designments hitherto: No man here (I presume) but hath been, and is satisfied in himselfe of his reality; And therefore I am confident you cannot confer a place of so great honour or trust upon a person more deserving: But I submit to your Wisdom.

Omnes. 'Tis granted.

Wareston *Bred my good Lord, what can ye ask that we sall not gnane?*

Lambert. I have heard some say, that Honour without Maintenance is like a blew Coat without a Badge.

Deshr. Or a Pudding without Suet.

Lambert. You have made him Keeper of the great Seal; 'tis honor, I confess, but no sallary attends upon't; and bribes you know are not now so frequent as they were in *Noll's* time: Besides, my Lord is a person of that honor.

Huson. Well my Lord let us be brief and tedious, let us humour one another; I love my Lord *Whitlock* well.

Lambert. I move for a Sallary, Gentlemen; *Scobel* and other petty Clerks have had 500 *l.* a year apiece granted to them: I hope he merits more.

Huson. Let him have a thousand pound a year then? you shall not want my voyce, my Lord.

Whitlock. 'Tis a liberal one, my Lord.

Fleetwood. I profess soberly withall my heart.

Lambert. Does that please your Lordship?

Whitlock. Your faithfull Servant, my Lord, but if I may be so bold to know from whence I shall receive it.

Cobbet. Out of the Customes; the best place, I think.

Wareston. *Sure pay my Laord, 'bred a Good, I se uphold you now, gang your Wayes; on Scribe, let us mind moore good Workes, we sall prosper then, am my saw, Sirs.*

Lambert. Clerk, proceed where you left off.

Clerk.

Clerk. John Bresley 3000 *l.* upon accompt, *Backwell* for 9600. *Worsley Aubrey* for 2500 *l.*

Wareston. *Bredholt for sham, where the Deel full they ha av this siller, Sirs.*

Whitlock. We're trouble your self for that, my Lord.

Lambert. These things must be granted, we know the persons, they are our friends.

Fleetwood. I profess, indeed Brotherly love ought to go along with us all; but when all is gone, when shall we have more?

Lambert. Pough, my Lord, the City's big with riches, and near her time I hope to be Deliver'd.

Huson. Ile be the Midwife, or what you will call me, Ile undertake to do my office as well as Dr. *Chamberlyn* can do his.

Desbrough. VVell said Brother, what's the matter there?

The Lady *Lambert* strives to enter, the Dore-keeper goes to the Lord *Lambert*, and whispers him, he riseth and goes to her.

Lambert. Ile wait on you immediately, Gentlemen.

Huson. Is the Lord *Lambert* gone?

Fleetwood. I profess, I know not.

Lambert. Why how now Sweet-heart, What make you here?

Lady *Lambert.* Nay, what make you here then?

Lambert. This is not a place for VVomen.

Lady *Lambert.* How so, pray, while thou art here I have as much right to the place as thou hast, if I am *John Lambert*'s Lady and for ought I know my advice may do as well here as thine, for all you perk it so.

Lambert. Good Sweet-heart, return to thy Coach.

Lady *Lambert.* Good Sweet-heart, tell me, am I her Highness or not her Highness, or what do you intend to make of me?

Lambert. Thou makest thy self seem to be Mad, Woman.

She strives, *Lambert* holds her.

Lady *Lambert.* Do I so, Sir, Ile be madder yet then, Ile to the Board, and know what they intend to do with me.

Lambert. Thou wilt not ſure.

Lady *Lambert.* But I will, and hear what they will ſay to me; I will be put off no longer.

Lambert. Be not ſo loud.

Lady *Lambert.* Ile be Louder Sir, and they ſhall hear me; If I am not her Highneſs, they ſhall not ſit there.

Lambert. Thou ſhalt be as high as can be, if thou wilt be patient.

Lady *Lambert.* Patient, I, thou knowſt too well I am a patient fool; pray, when will the time come I ſhall be ſtyl'd Her Highneſs; for that I will be.

Lambert. Ile tell thee that anon; prethee Sweet-heart take thy Coach.

Lady *Lambert.* I, thou think'ſt with thy fine Words to Work me to any thing, but if you Defer the time too long, you'l find the countrary—Call my Man there—D'ye hear me? pray make haſte home. *Ex.*

Lambert. Well, Well.

Huſon. My Lord, We thought you had been gone.

Lambert. No, my Lord, I am not ſo unkind, to leave you in the heat and midſt of buſineſs.

Whitlock. Nay, I think the heat of our buſineſs is over for this Day. *Clerk,* See, have you any more Papers?

Clerk. Not any.

Huſon. Let us riſe then, I think we have ſate a pretty time by't.

Desbr. And my *Colon* begins to cry out *beans* and *bacon.*

Fleetwood. I profeſs my Lord, it is not I think fit to put you in mind, I hope I need not, I profeſs—[*they riſe*]

Lambert. Oh, to move concerning a Single perſon.

Whitlock. By all means, for his Lordſhip.

Lambert. Seriouſly, my Lords, I hold it would have been unſeaſonable, but at the next Sitting it will fall in courſe my Lord, and then my Lord——

Whitlock. We are your Creatures.

Fleetwood. Say you ſo, I profeſs let it be ſo then.

Desbr. Come let us go, I'm mad to be gon; What ſhould we ſtay here for? *Ware-*

Wareſton. *Marry, and yee ſpeke right, Sir.* Scribe, *See aw theiſe Orders be ready for my honds aneuſt Morne; meetre especially my none and my good Loods here, that they may gang to the Pattent Scribe, here ye mee.*

Clerks. They ſhall, my Lord.

1 *Clerk.* Come Sirrah, here be thriving Times, ſome, men riſe with their Breech upwards.

2 *Clerk.* And 'tis very probable may be laſht for't: How they divide the Kingdomes Treaſure?

1 *Clerk.* I commend them, they make uſe of their time, make Hay whileſt the Sun ſhines. I wonder my Lord *Deſbrough* miſt that Proverb at the Table.

2 *Clerk.* Was ever ſuch Language heard at a Councell-Table before? they are all made up of Proverbs and Old-ſayings, *Exceptis Tamen ſemper, Lambert* and *Whilock.*

2 *Clerk.* Oh! theſe are two precious Divels; but for a fawning and colloguing Devil give me the *Scotch* Devil.

2 *Clerk.* No more of this the *Dorekeeper* has Ears.

1 *Clerk.* I would his Ears were off, they are not worth the Senſe of Hearing: But come let's put up our trincketts; a pox on't, I did not think they would have ſate ſo long.

2 *Clerk.* Thou haſt ſome Baggage or other to go to, Ile be hang'd elſe.

1 *Clerk.* Thou mayſt be hang'd in time; however weel goe.

Dore-keeper. Well, go your wayes, you are a precious Couple. *Exeunt.*

A noyſe within, crying Tom, Will, Harry, Dick; *Have you a mind to be Murdered in your beds.*

Enter a Corporal and Souldiers after him in a confuſed manner, as from their ſeveral Lodgings.

1 *Souldier.* What's the matter; *Corporal.*

Corporal. The Citty's up in Arms.

1 *Souldier.*

1 *Souldier.* I am glad on't,

2 *Souldier.* And so am I, there's plunder enough, I am mad to be at it.

Corporal. The Committee sate all this night about it; 'tis said they are up every where.

1 *Souldier.* I warrant that Dog in a Doublet *Hasterigg* is the Ring-leader.

Corporal. 'Tis likely, the news came but within this houre, and the Danger that lurks in't hath call'd the Committee together, to morrow the Prentices intend to petition the Lord Maior for a *free Parliament.*

1 *Souldier.* Let em', 'tis good fishing in troubled waters.

2 *Souldier.* Must the *RUMP* come in agen?

Corporal. I know not, good Lads make haste, the Captain stays for us.

1 *Souldier.* Pox on't, let's ne'r stand buttoning our selves, Wee'l leave our Doublets behind us.

Corporal. No, by no means.

1 *Souldier.* And is't come to that, then hey for *Lumbard-street*, there's a shop that I have marke out for mine already.

2 *Souldier.* You must not think to have it all your self, Brother.

1 *Souldier.* He that Wins gold, let him Wear gold, I cry.

Coporal. Well, we shall have enough, 'tis a rich City, never came better news to the Souldiery.

1 *Souldier.* Wee'l Cancel the Prentices Indentures, and bind them to us in surer bonds.

2 *Souldier.* And they shall ne're be made free by my consent till they have paid for their Learning.

1 *Souldier.* Me thinks I see the Town on fire, and hear the Shrieks and Cryes of Women and Children already, the Rogues running to quench the fire, and we following the slaughter. Here lies one without an Arm, and he cannot hold up a Hand against us, another without a Leg, and he

he shan't run for't; another without a Nose, he'l ne're smel Lus out; another without a Head, and his plottings spoyl'd: Here lies a rich Courmugeon burnt to Ashes, who rather then he would survive his Treasure, perisheth with his Chests, and leaves his better Angels to wait on Us, you knaves.

1 *Souldier.* Oh brave *Tom!*

Corporal. I know you have all Mettle enough, but our Captain stays.

1 *Souldier.* Not a Minute longer——hey for *Lumbard-street*, hey for *Lumbard-street!*

Omnes. Hey for *Lumbard-street*, hey for *Lumbard-street!*

Exeunt.

Act the IV. Scene the I.

Enter a company of Prentices with clubs.

1 *Prentice.* Come boyes, come as long as this Club lasts fear nothing, it shall beat out *Hufons* tother Eye, I scorn to take him on the blind side, I'm more a man then so.

2 *Prentice.* Thou a Man, a meer Pigmy!

1 *Prentice.* Children are poor Worms, I would have you to know that I am the Cities Champion.

2 *Prentice.* Thou the Cities Champion!

1 *Prentice.* Yes, and will spend life and limbe for *Magna Charta* and a *Free Parliament.*

Omnes. So we will all, so we will all.

1 *Prentice.* Why then you are my Boys, and true Sons to the City; Cry up a Free *Parliament.*

Omnes. A Free Parliament, A Free Parliament!

1 *Prentice.* Boys this was done, like Men; but do you hear the News? My Intelligence is good.

Omnes.

2 *Prentice.* What is't Champion, What is't?

1 *Prentice.* There's a Proclamation come from the Committee of no Safety.

Omnes. For what? Champion?

1 *Prentice.* To hang us all up if we Depart not to our Homes: How like you that, Gallants; how like you that?

2 *Prentice.* This hanging is such a thing, I do not like it; well, Ile go home.

1 *Prentice.* Why now you shew what a Man you are; I was a Pigmy as you said but ere while, but now I say and will maintain it, Thou hast not so much spirit or spleen in thee as a Wasp.

Omnes. Oh brave Champion!

1 *Prentice.* Will you like Cowards forsake your Petition and have no Answer to't? Rather let us Dye One and All.

Omnes. One and All, One and All.

1 *Prentice.* Why this is bravely said, now Ile tell you what you shall do; when the Sheriff begins to read the Proclamation, every man inlarge his voyce, and cry, No proclamation, No proclamation.

Omnes. Agreed agreed; No proclamation, No proclamation, No proclamation. *Exeunt.*

Wavering their Clubs over their heads.

Enter Hutson *and his Mirmydons with their Swords drawn.*

Hutson. Was ever such a sort of Rogues seen in a City; Come follow me Ile so order um.

Souldier. Oh brave Collonel! *Exeunt.*

Enter Prentices *at the other end of the Stage, crying,* Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler, *and he pursuing them.*

Hutson. Shoot, Shoot; I charge you kill the Rogues, leave not one of them alive [*A Musket is let off within. Ex.*

Enter

Enter Prentices *again, crying, Whoop Cobler.*

1 *Prentice. Cain* has kill'd his Brother, *Coll. Cords wayner* he has spun a fine Thread to day.

2 *Prentice.* It may bring him to his End.

1 *Prentice.* St. *Hugh's* Bones must go to th' wrack and there let him take his Lack. *Whoop Cobler.*

Omnes. Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler. *Exeunt.*

Enter Huſon *again purſuing the* Prentices; *they continuing their cry, Whoop Cobler; Turneps Tops are thrown at him as from Houſe tops; Boys run in.*

Huſon. From whence come theſe? Search that Houſe, and every Houſe: I vow there's not a Street free from theſe Rogues. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Prentices *ſeverally.*

2 *Prentice.* Where haſt thou been, Champion?

1 *Prentice.* Where none but a Champion durſt be.

2 *Prentice.* Where's that? where's that?

1 *Prentice.* Stand here, and admire; You are beholding to me; I have paſt the Pikes to meet you, and ſwet for't: I tell you I have been at *Guildhall*, and what I have done there, let Hiſtories record. He not be my own Trumper.

Omnes. What didſt thou do there?

1 *Pr.* Do you ſee this ſmall Engine? 'Tis a good one & has been truſty to his Maſter: I ſay no more. Shews a Piſtol.

Omnes. Nay, good Champion; What, what?

1 *Prentice.* How Dull you are! With this (I ſay heartily charg'd and ram'd, under my Apron colſely hid, *Latit anguis in herba*, (There's Latin for you, Rogues) I got into the Yard.

Omnes. What then, What then?

1 *Prentice.* By good fortune I eſpy'd a very fine fellow, ſom Officer no doubt, he did Ran Dan ſo,

Omnes. But prethee be plain and ſhort.

1 *Prentice.* No it was home, the ſting of my Serpent hath either kill'd him or lam'd him downright, I warrant he troubles us no more this Day, Heark, the Rogues are Marching; let them go and be hang'd they ſhall not abide here. I have given them an earneſt penny already, and if they come again, Ile double it. Well Boys, when they are paſt Weel go and Drink the kings health: Say Boys.

A Drum is heard within.

Omnes. Viva le roy, Viva le roy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord *Lambert* and Lord *Whitlock*.

Lambert. My Lord, you will ſtill endear me.

Whitlock. A Duty ſo oblig'd cannot be paid too often. my prayers go with you, my moſt honoured Lord.

Lambert. If I return, my Lord, Command my heart; In the mean time, let not your friendſhip cool.

Whitlock. My body ſhall be Ice firſt.

Enter Secretary *and Lord* Wareſton.

Lambert. My Lord *Wareſton*, this is a high peice of Kindneſs indeed.

Wareſton, *Marry, Ise come tell kiſs your nane hand, Sir. ere yee gang anenſt the limmer loowne.*

Enter Trotter *and the Lady* Lambert.

Lambert. Your Servant, my Lord —— *Trotter*, Are you ready?

Trotter. Yes, my Lord.

Lambert. Direct the Lord *Wareſton* to the Blew Chamber; where Ile attend your Lordſhip.

Wareſton. *Your very humble Servant, my Lords.*

Exit Trotter *and* Wareſton.

Lambert. I know She's clogg'd with paſſion, and 'tis not fit a *Scot* ſhould underſtand it. *Whitlock,*

Whitlock. You have done wisely in that, my Lord.

Lady *Lambert.* Have I stay'd long enough? may you be spoken with yet?

Lambert. Why not, sweet-heart?

Lady *Lambert.* Am I a Wife, or no Wife? [*She weeps*]

Lambert. My only Joy and comfort——Why dost Weep? There's not a Tear but wounds me. Prithee leave, I'm sure th'ast no occasion for't.

La. *Lambert.* Did *Noll* do so by his Wife *Bess*, that Puss? He had some care of her, and made her what her heart could wish; but I have nought but empty promises.

Lambert. Will you believe me or This Gentleman——

Lady *Lambert.* He's a Lawyer, and may lie.

Lambert. He's my Friend.

Lady *Lambert.* 'Twas a by-Complement, I confess, but I belive he knows more then you do. Pray Sir, Say, shall I be what I will be, as he says?

Whitlock. The power is now in his own hands, and Doubtless my Lord's so wise he will not part with't.

Lady *Lambert.* Say you so! Then prithee kiss me, *John*, ne're stir, I shall so love thee.

Lambert. But we forget the Lord *Waveston*.

Whitlock. He'as got a *Scottish* Fog in's mouth by this time.

Lady *Lambert.* Hang him, 'tis such a Boorish stammering fellow, I cann't endure him.

Lambert. But he's a property, if I return Victorious, I must make use of; Therefore, prithee Sweet, be moderately sparing in thy language; let it not soar too high, lest it prevent my Towring thoughts of their fruition, and clip those Wings should hover thee to Greatness.

Lady *Lambert.* He not tye my tongue up for no mans pleasure living: I think I am a Free Woman, no Bond-slave, Sir.

Whitlock. But under favour, Madam, when you Weigh the advancement——

Lady *Lambert.* I Weigh it not a rush, nor shall I Fee you for your Counsel, Sir;

Lambert. He's a Good Man, Sweet-heart.

La. *Lambert.* Let him be neer so good, Ile have my will.

Lambert. I prethee do.

Whitlock. I trust I have not angred you, Madam.

Lady *Lambert.* Again Madam! let his goodness be what it will, I'm sure, he hath had but ill Breeding.

Enter *Trotter.*

Trotter. My Lord Wareston is going, Sir.

Lambert. Odds so, indeed, we have been too uncivill, come Sweet-heart, my Lord, will you please to walk in. *Exeunt.*

Enter two or three Souldiers.

1 *Souldier.* How now Gentlemen? you are upon the merry March, I hear.

2 *Souldier.* I, a pox on't, We shall have little cause, I fear, to call it a merry one.

1. *Souldier.* Well, I thank my Stars, Our Regiment stays here at the well head, you Rogues, where there is plenty of all things.

2 *Souldier.* What says Pluck? The Worser knave, the better luck.

3 *Souldier.* But do you hear me, Sirrah? for all that, your Colonel may be hang'd for killing his Brother Cobler.

1 *Souldier.* I hear no harm, I'm not to answer for him: But prethee tell me, D'ye think there will be bloody Noses?

2 *Souldier.* Those that have a mind to't, let 'em give, or take 'em, hang him that fights a stroke, for my part.

3 *Souldier.* Of mine either; Our Company swear they'l all be hang'd first.

1 *Souldier.* The general is like to be well hop'd up with such Souldiers.

2 *Souldier.* Why, what would you have us to do? If the Generalls cannot agree, let 'em fight it out themselves, and the Devil part 'em I cry.

3 *Souldier.*

3 *Souldier.* If they will fight, we'l make a ring for 'em.

1 *Souldier.* They say that General *Philagathus* is a gallant Stout Man, an Excellent Souldier, and a Marvellous honest Man.

2 *Souldier.* Then we have the less reason to fight against him. ——

3 *Souldier.* Nor will we fight against him.

1 *Souldier.* But Brothers let me advise you to have a Care what you say, lest you make your Words good, and be hang'd in earnest, there are Rogues abroad.

2 *Souldier.* I, too many, I thank you Brother for your Advice.

3 *Souldier.* Alack we talk away our time, let's go, let's go.

1 *Souldier.* Nay, sure Brother Souldiers, we will not part with dry Lips.

2 *Souldier.* What you intend to do, do quickly.

1 *Souldier.* Come away then.

Enter *Trotter* and *Prissilla*.

Trotter. Now *Pris*, what think you now?

Prissilla. Why truly *Secretary*, I think thou wilt be a brave Fellow when my Lord returns.

Trotter. You will let me kiss you now, I hope.

Prissilla. No indeed *Secretary*, I will not make you so bold yet; If you return safe and sound, and in good plight, that is, my Lords brows circled with Laurel, and people smell you out to be a Secretary of State, 'tis very probable you may have admittance to my Lip, and something else in a lawful way. [*Calls within Trotter Trotter.*]

Trotter. These words have comforted my heart, I'm overjoy'd, trust me now: Odds so, my Lords upon taking Horse; ah! ah! Dear *Pris*.

Prissilla. Sigh not Man thou shalt have it; come take Livery and Seisin, and adue.

Trotter. Oh, So sweet as the Hony-combe! [*kisses her.*]

Prissilla.

Prissilla. Have a care you do not surfeit with't.

Trotter. I must begon Dear *Pris.* once more, Calls within *Trotter.*

Prissilla. Why law you now, give you an Inch and you will take an Ell, I shall be troubled with you——*Kisses.*

Trotter. No truly *Pris.*—— [*Calls within*]

Prissilla. Why, you are bold indeed.

Trotter. Oh Heart!

Oh Fates! Why should such Lovers part. *Exit Trotter.*

Prissilla. Well, go thy wayes for a Modest Asse, thou mightst have had something else, hadst thou press'd me to't, but the Fool will make a fine Husband; when he comes to tast the fruit, he'l so love the Tree! 'Tis a sweet thing for a Woman of Knowledge to meet with a Man of Ignorance, and better to keep him in't. My Secretary I see never read *Arratine*, if he had he would have been furnish'd with more Audacity. Lord, how Honor Creeps upon me! I shall be Ladifi'd there's no Doubt on't. How my Ears will be fill'd with Madams! And, Will your Ladyship be pleas'd? What will your Honor have to Breakfast? How do you, Madam, I am come to give you a Visit, Madam. Will you go to *Hide-Park* to day, Madam? How does your good Lord, Madam? Did you Sleep well to night, Madam? Is your Dog recover'd of his Fit, Madam? Your faithful Servant, Madam. Have you any Service to Command me, Madam? This her Highness despises. I am as proud as She; and me thinks it sounds very well. *Madam*, Why, 'tis a word of State.

Enter Scullion-Boy.

Scullion. Mrs. *Pris*, Mrs. *Pis*, You must come away to her Highness presently.

Prissilla. Why how now, Sauce?

Scullion. Sauce! Why, what are you, pray? Will you come away? Ile tell her.

Pris. Ile have you boxt anon, Sirrah, for this. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Prentices *severally.*

2 *Prentice.* Champion, how now Champion? What news, Champion?

1 *Prentice.* Nay, what news do you say, then?

3 *Prentice.* *Lambert* is gone.

1 *Prentice.* The Devil and *John a Cumber* go with him. Well, I hope General *Philagathus* will so pay his Jacquet!

2 *Prentice.* He will be forc'd to turn it.

1 *Prentice.* That he hath done often enough already.

3 *Prentice.* The Rogues were well mounted.

1 *Prentice.* May the Horse founder, and the Foot die in Ditches! My prayers go along 'em.

2 3 *Prentice.* Oh brave Champion!

1 *Prentice.* Come Gentlemen, If you have any Chink go along with me; Weel drink *Philagathus* Health: how they look at one another!

2 3 *Prentice.* Faith Champion——

1 *Prentice.* Speak no more, your Countenances betray your meanings, I perceive your Masters are not so tender-hearted as mine; He's honest, lives in hope, allows me the merry Sice a day to spend till better Times come.

2 3 *Prentices.* Thou art happy, Champion.

2 *Prentice.* You shall participate of that happiness! It were pity such proper Fellows as we are should part without Drinking a Health to Noble *Philagathus* his Successe.

2 *Prentice.* Well Champion, weel make you amends.

1 *Prentice.* Let the mends make it self; Come away.

Exeunt.

Enter Fleetwood, Mrs. *Cromwell, and Lady* Fleetwood.

Fleetwood. How say you forsooth Mother? as I'm here.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* I say thy folly will undo us all.

Fleetwood.

Fleetwood. I profeſs Mother, as I'm here you alwayes harp upon one ſtring; Ne're ſtir, As I'm here, and like the Cuckoo, have but one Note. Ne're ſtir now.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* What doſt make of me, a Hooting-ſtock?

Fleetwood. No, I profeſs not I. I know my Duty, as I'm here.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Thou wouldſt fain ſeem a Souldier, and a Courtier, but thou art neither.

Lady *Fleetwood.* Good Mother be not ſo bitter, he's an honeſt Man.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Hang honeſty, 'tis meer fooleryy; thy Father had more Wit then to be thought one of that needy Crue; could ever Man have given the power out of his own hand, as he hath done, and to his Enemy, a Fellow as fierce as *Aqua fortis*, and will eat into the very marrow of our Families.

Fleetwood. I profeſs Mother, you may be miſtaken for all this, he is in ſome ſenſe, but my ſervant.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* And he'l become thy Maſter to thy ſhame, why didſt not go thy ſelf?h

Fleetwood. Why, I profeſs, W ether you believe it or not Mother, I am the greateſt Man in the Nation.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Untill a greater come; How ſtupid art thou? Girle, prithee inſtruct him.

Lady *Fleetwood.* 'Twould ill become me ſure to teach my Lord. I neer was guilty of that Crime yet, he know's his own buſineſs beſt.

Fleetwood. I profeſs Mother, you are ſuch a ſtrange Woman, I know not what to ſay to you; had not General *Philagathus* (like a fool) made this diſturbance, I know, what I had been e're this time.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Thou hadſt been neither better nor worſe then what thou art, The Common Tavern, and Town Table-talk.

Fleetwood. Why? I profeſs, Mother, you are not ſo ill ſpoken of, neither, for all you look ſo.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* That's long of such an Ideot as thou art.

Ladie *Fleetwood.* Nay Mother, indeed you do not well: He's my Husband, I ought not to suffer it.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* Good Lord! it seems he plaies better at Tratrip with thee then thy Husband *Ireton* did: Thou couldst find tongue enough for him: well there's foul liars if this March-pane fellow did not melt in your mouth in his life time. Ladie *Fleetwood.* I thank you Mother.

Fleetwood. What's that, what's that she says, Sweet heart?

Ladie *Fleetwood.* Nothing my Lord, worthy your notice.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* Had not a fool rid thee, thou hadst known thy Dutie better. So much for that, farewel. *Exit.*

Ladie *Fleetwood.* Nay, good Mother. *Fleetwood.* Let her go, Sweet heart, the house will be the quieter, I profess.

Lady *Fleetwood.* She is my *mother*, my *Lord.*

Fleet. And I'm your *husband*, my *lady*, as I'm here I think so: I profess I know not any body cares for her company.

Lady *Fleetwood.* She does not come to trouble you, Sir.

Fleetwood. Yes, She does I profess, and very much. I was just thinking of State-Affairs, and She has put all out of my head: The Committee have no reason to thank her, to my knowledge. Lady *Fleetwood.* Why, my Lord?

Fleetwood. Why, the Citizens are mad for a Free Parliament, the Counties are all up; and is it not time to look about us, I professe?

Lady *Fleetwood.* Indeed, my Lord, you say right.

Fleetwood. If a Free Parliament sit once, what will become of Us, I profess we must secure our selves as well as we can: the *Rump* (as the Wicked call it) must and shall come in agen, I profess. Lady *Fleetwood.* What will become of your Friend the Lord *Lambert* then?

Fleetwood. I profess, I care not; your Mother takes me for a Fool, but let me alone to deal my Cards, the Speaker and I are reconcil'd: But Sweet-heart, I profess I must be gon; I say no more, *Lambert*, *Wareſtone*, and *Whitlock* are Knaves, down-right Knaves, I profess they have fool'd me all this while, it will now turn to 'm, I profess, let 'm suffer.

Lady *Fleetwood*. I understood, my Lord, they were your Friends.

Fleetwood. But I have found 'm out; say no more, will you go in, Sweet heart? I profess I must be gon.

Lady *Fleetwood*. I obey you, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Lambert *and* Priscilla *her waiting Gentlewoman*.

Lady *Lambert*. I wonder *Pris*, that none of the Modern Poets have been here with their Encomiums since thy Lord went!

Prissilla. It may be *Helicon* is Dry'd up, or their Brains are turn'd Addle.

Lady *Lambert*. Well, I'm resolv'd to make Him that brings me the first Copie *Poet Laureat*, provided he sings Victory in't: I will dispose of Places my self, and be *Lord Steward* my self, or it shall cost me a fall. *Whitlock* for all his Art shall never carry it.

Prissilla. How? Her Highness become *Lord Steward*!

Lady *Lambert*. No matter for that; Profit and Service will come by't; Ile have the ordering of all places both above and below Stairs, and so give out to the people.

Prissilla. And good reason too, bir Lady.

Lady *Lambert*. A Counsellor, a fooliſh fellow, at every end he calls me *Madam*.

Prissilla. Truly, there was one call'd me *Madam* too tother day, Lord, we Women are so frail! I thought my self to be a *Madam* in good Earnest.

Lady *Lambert*. I *Pris*, thou might'st be call'd so, and be proud on't; but I, I think am somewhat above that. *Stile or Title.*

Prissilla. A Story to please your Highness.

Lady *Lambert*. I will have eight Gentlemen Ushers, that Puss *Bess* had Foure; Two shall bear up my Train.

Prissilla. Rather Four, and it shall please your Highness; For you have a long one no *Peahen* like you: that Petty-fogger *Thurlo's* Wife had one, and as I'm a Christian, another fooliſh fellow went bare before her, no Countess could have been better Man'd—— Well

Well, it will come to my turn shortly, but that the Wicked *Rump* is sat, there lies my fear, Oh *Fleetwood*, *Fleetwood*! thou art stark nought.

Lady *Lambert*. What sayest thou, *Priss*?

Prissilla. I was thinking, and it please your Highness, what a Canary-Bird *Fleetwood* was, to settle the *Rump*, the abominable *Rump*, and pretended so much love to my Lord and Master.

Lady *Lambert*. His love is not Worth the enquiring after, Wench; as for the *Rump*, I smell 'tis stale already, and must be pepper'd when thy Lord returns; dost think Wench it shall have a sitting place then, no I warrant thee, he that jerkt it when he came out of the West, will do the like, when he comes out of the North.

Prissilla. I, and it shall please your Highness, if he return with victory.

Lady *Lambert*. Ne're fear it Wench, I have sent for *Lilly*, and VVonder he stays so long, 'tis such a Dreaming fellow.

Enter a *Servant* and Master *Lilly*.

Servant. Here's Master *Lilly*, an't please your Highness.

Lady *Lambert*. How now *Lilly*, hast thou don what I Commanded thee?

Lilly. I have Examined the Zodiack, Searcht the 12 Houses, and by my powerful Arts, put the whole regiment of gods and goddesses out of order, *Saturn* and *Jupiter* are by the Ears, and *Venus* will he rampant afflicted by *Mars* the god of Battails.

Priss. This makes for your Highness, I love Mischief with all my heart.

Lady *Lambert*. How stands my Husbands fortune?

Lilly. In the Alvathay of *Aries*, or as some others have it Salhay, being the head of *Aries*.

Lady *Lambert*. *Aries*, what is that *Aries*?

Priss. A monster; I VVarrant it.

Lilly. 'Tis a Signe, and signifies a Ram.

Lady *Lambert.* You Rascal, Do you put the Horns upon my Princely Husband.

Prissilla. It may be a new piece of Heraldry.

Lilly. He's subtile, politick, and crafty.

Ladie *Lambert.* Thou hitst pretty well there.

Lilly. Then in the *Almuthanis*, or (as some have it) *Alhurtz*, being the Tail of *Aries*, I find him eloquent, prodigal in necessitie, proud, inconstant, and deceitful.

Ladie *Lambert.* Dost thou abuse me, Rascal.

Lilly. No such matter.

Prissilla. Alass! he means innocently, for these are vertues given to most of the Male-kind.

Lilly. He's there denoted to be fortunate in Warfare.

Ladie *Lambert.* Go on, Fellow.

Lilly. In *Adoldaya*, being the Head of *Taurus*.

Ladie *Lambert.* *Taurus*, What's that?

Lilly. A Bull.

Ladie *Lambert.* Darst thou Horn him agen.

Lilly. 'Tis a Signe.

Prissilla. A very ill Signe, the Signe of the *Bull*: But he does not mean, and it shall please your Highness, the Town-Bull of *Elg*.

Lilly. Has your Lord ere a Mark or Mold upon his Members? If he has, he vanquishes his Enemies.

Ladie *Lambert.* He has that *Priss.* I'm sure on't.

Prissilla. You are best acquainted with his Secrets.

Lilly. For *Mars* being with the *Moon* in the *Sextile* Aspect, incourages men of War, and in the *Trine* promises Success.

Lady *Lambert.* Ile love that *Trine* while I live for't.

Priss. I wonder where the Fellow got all these hard Words.

Lilly. Lose not an Inch of your State, lest you diminish the lustre of that Planet predominates, [*She strutts it.*]

Ladie *Lambert.* Why Sirrah, you grow saucie. *Priss*, Let the Foot-boy pay the Fellow for his pains.

Lilly.

Lilly. I hope she does not mean to pay me with Kicks: Is she angry?

Pris. No no, you have onely put her in mind of her Majesty, she loves you ne're the worse for't. You must flatter her.

Lilly. I have been bred to't. I take my leave of your Highness.

Lady *Lambert.* But take thy reward with thee: Thou art sure of what thou sayest?

Lilly. As sure as if I had the Planets in my hand, a man can say no more.

La. *Lam.* Well, go thy ways, and if thy judgment falter, To second thy gold Chain expect a Halter. [*Exit* Lilly.]

Pris. What dost thou think now?

Pris. How can I think amiss? He's a notable Man: Ile get him into the Larder one time or other, and Ile make him show me all.

Lady *Lambert.* Show thee all, Wench! Out upon't.

Pris. What, the Lilly and the Rose: I promise you, for ought I see, the Lilly is the best flower in your garden.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Here's a Letter from my Lord to your Highness.

Prisilla. Hast ne're a one for me from the Secretary?

Servant. Yes, Mrs. *Pris.* [*Exit* Servant.]

Prisilla. So, this Fellow is Saucy, I must take him down a button-hole lower. Good news, no doubt on't; and then we shall have such Bonefiring. Ile read my Switter-com Swatter-com's Letter anon. But her Highness begins to look pale upon't; I do not like this changing Countenance.

Lady *Lambert.* Thy Lord is Murder'd.

Prisilla. Then my honor goes to the Dunghill: A pox of *Lilly* and his legion of Devils.

Lady *Lambert*

Lady *Lambert*. Murdered in his fame, his honour, the Souldiorie have forsaken him.

Prissilla. If that be all, no matter Madam.

Lady *Lambert*. Even call me what thou wilt.

Prissilla. I should have call'd you Highness, I confess, but I hope you are not offended; *Lilly* is a meer rogue, Ile never endure a Lilly hereafter, 'tis a flattering flower, and stinck abominable.

Lady *Lambert*. He Writes me VVord, hee'l be in Town this Night, he's sent for by the *Rump*.

Prissilla. Oh nasty *Rump*! But an't shall please your Highness, shall I seek out for eight proper Striplings to man your Highness, and four Spring-gots to trick up your Train, a *French* Taylor that has a yard thus—long a Cook whose nose will not offend your Sawce by droping in't, a Gentleman Sewer that can dance before your Dishes, an able Carver to cut up your Custurds, a Taster that hath a sweet Breath and no rotten Teeth, a Baker whose hand is not mangy; who shall be Lord Chamberlain, Groom of the Stool, your Maids of honour, your Starcher, your Tyrer, Yeoman of your Cellar, Yeomen of your Pantrey, Yeoman of your Pastrey, Clerk of your Kitchin Clerk of the Roles? Lord, I'm even out of Breath with reckoning up your Servitors.

Lady *Lambert*. How now Audaciousness!

Priss. VVhy seriously I dreamt last Night, an't please your highnesse that we have been but Princes in disguise all this while, and that our Vizors are now falling off; and who would think that Dreames should come to light so;

Lady *Lambert*. Now could I tear my flesh, all my hopes are lost.

Priss. No, you say there's one a coming.

Lady *Lambert*. How this *Fleetwoods* VVife will ore-top me?

Prissilla. Pull her eyes out, and then let a Dog lead her.

Lady

Lady *Lambert*. Well, Ile do ſomething.

Priſſilla. Ile be your ſecond ſo good and pleaſe your Highneſs. *Exit.*

Enter 3 or 4 *Prentices.*

1 *Prentice*. Hy Boyes, the Noble General *Philagathus* lay at *Barnet* laſt night.

2 *Prentice*. Sai'ſt thou ſo Champion.

1 *Prentice*. And the pitiful, pitiful *Lambert*, one of *Don quixott's* Lords, is in the Tower. Ha's been a Whipſter all his Life time, and now is become a ſtaid Gentleman.

2 *Prentice*. Well ſaid Champion.

1 *Prentice*. No more of that if you love me, Noble *Philagathus* muſt be the Cities Champion, Ile reſign my Office, and yet be Loyal ſtill.

Omnes. Who will not? who will not?

1 *Prentice*. Then you are my Boyes again; do you not obſerve how the Phanaticks are trotting out of Town, ſome of the Rogues begin to Mutinie?

2 *Prentices*. Hang em up then, I crie.

1 *Prentice*. So ſay I, by thouſands; noble *Philagathus* enters with love, and they go out with curſes, or like the Snuff of a Candle, ſtinkingly.

3 *Prentice*. I'm ſure they have eaten our Maſters up.

1 *Prentice*. Even to their Bowels, that Trading is become a mere Skelliton.

2 *Prentice*. Now, I hope we ſhall ſee better dayes.

1 *Prentice*. Ne'r fear it Lads. *Philagathus* is right, and ſound to the very Core.

2 *Prentice*. What will become of our *Exchange* Merchant?

1 *Prentice*. What? he that turn'd part of the Houſe of God into a Den of Theeves.

3 *Prentice*. The very ſame, the very ſame.

1 *Prentice*. Let him hang himſelf, and when he is cold meat, the Devil carbanado him for a Break-faſt: But

heark.

heark they are marching out, and [*Drums heard within*] *Philegathus* his honest Souldiers are coming in. Oh let's see um! let's see um.

Omnes. By all means let's se um. *Exit.* Running.

Act the V. Scene the I.

Enter Mrs. Cromwell *and the Lady* Lambert; *they meet at several Doors.*

Mrs. Cromwel. Bless my Eye-sight! what? her Highnesse without her Train: Where is that pretious Bird thy Husband, Cag'd? His wings are clipt from flying: Faith now this comes of Treacherie: Had he been true to my Son *Dick*, he might have still continued honourable, and thou a Ladie; and now I know not what to call thee.

Ladie *Lambert.* Thy rudenesse cannot move me, I impute it to thy Want of Breeding.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* My want of Breeding, Mrs. Mincks.

Ladie *Lambert.* We cannot expect from the Dunghill odorous savours: Were our afflictions greater than they are, they merit not half the Contempt and Scorn pursues thy wretched Familie, and the Memorie of thy abhorred Husband.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* How durst thou name him but with reverence: He that out-did all Histories of Kings or *Keasors*; was his own Herald, and could give Titles of Honor to the meanest Peasants; made Brewers, Dray-men, Coblers, Tinkers, or any bodie Lords: Such was his power, no Prince ever did the like: Amongst the rest, that precious piece thy Husband was one of his making.

Ladie *Lambert.* Would we had never known those painted Titles that are so easily washt off: [*Enter* Fleetwood.] But yonder comes the cause of all our miseries.

Fleetwood.

Fleetwood. Ne're go, yonder's my Mother; I profeſs, as I'm here, Ide rather meet, ne're ſtir, a Beggar in my Diſh; ſo I had, as I'm here.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* And, art thou there? Nay, ne're hide thy face for't, though thou mai'ſt be aſham'd of all thy Actions.

Fleetwood. Why I, forſooth Mother? I profeſs, ne're go, not I Mother, as I'm here.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* Call me not Mother: Thou haſt ruin'd my Children, and thy ſelf too, like a Fool as thou art.

Lady *Lambert.* And me and my Husband, like a Knave as thou art.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* Would ever Coxcombe have committed ſuch folly!

Lady *Lambert.* Or ever Changling done the like! *Jack Adams* is a Man to thee.

Fleetwood. I profeſs, indeed law, you are ſtrange folks, I profeſs, ne're go law: Cannot a man, as I'm here, paſs the Street, I profeſs law? [*walks about the Stage, they follow-ing him*]

La. *Lamb.* Hang thee, thou'rt good for nothing,

Mrs. *Cromel.* But fleering and fooling.

Ladie *Lambert.* And how do you, forſooth? I profeſs.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* And truly, I know what I know, and there's an end.

Ladie *Lambert.* Of an old Song, Few words are beſt.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* Ne're go, I'm the greateſt man in the Nation, I profeſs, ne're ſtir now: Think you what you will, forſooth Mother as I'm here.

Fleetwood. I profeſs, ne're ſtir, as I'm here, there's no enduring it, law now, as I'm here, and therefore farewel, as I'm here, for Ile be gon, ne're ſtir now. *Exit running.*

Mrs. *Cromwel.* Nay wee'l follow thee, to thy very doores and ring thee a peal on both ſides thy head.

Enter Prentices *with Clubs.*

2 *Prentice.* Now Champion, what think you of your General *Philagathus* now.

1 *Prentice.* A rope on't, I know not what to think on't:

Was ever such a Rape committed upon a poor She City before? Lay her legs open to the wide world, for every Rogue to peep in her Breech.

3 *Prentice.* 'Tis Monstrous.

2 *Prentice.* Is this the Cities Champion?

1 *Prentice.* Well, On my Conscience he's honest for all this: The plaguy *Rump* has done this Mischief: Well, Club stand stiff to thy Master, some body shall suffer for't: I say no more.

2 *Prentice.* We shall be Coop'd up shortly for Hawks-meat in our Cellars, while they possess our Shops, and Feast upon our Mistresses.

1 *Prentice.* Well, Ile Warrant the Souldierie will be honest for all this, and then we'l Sindge the Maggots out of the louzy *Rump*, or else Swindge me.

Enter the 4th. Prentice.

4 *Prentice.* News boys, News.

1 *Prentice.* From whence, from *Tripulo*?

4 *Prentice.* From *Guildhall*, you Knaves: We shall have a Free Parliament.

Omnes. Hy, hy, hy, [*they make a shout.*]

4 *Prentice.* The General and the City are agreed, and he has promis'd it.

1 *Prentice.* Oh noble *Philagathus!*

2 *Prentice.* Brave *Philagathus!*

3 *Prentice.* Honorable *Philagathus!*

4 *Prentice.* Renowned *Philagathus!*

1 *Prentice.* Now you infidels, What think you now? Has your Fears and Jealousies left you, or will you still dam your selves up with dirtie Suspition? You that spoke even now you should be Coop'd up for Hawks-meat; shall be Cramm'd up for Capons; your Cellars shall become Ware-houses, your shops Exchanges, and your Mistresses persons of honor.

Omnes. And, what shall we be?

1 *Prentice.*

1 *Prentice.* Squires of the Body: Honor ſufficient enough for men of our rank, Gentlemen.

Omnes. Oh brave Champion!

1. *Prentice.* I tell you, I will have no more of that: Where is *Lilly* now?

2 *Prentice.* In one of the Twelve Houſes.

1 *Prentice.* We'l fire him out of it.

3 *Prentice.* How will the Man in the Moon drink Clarret then?

1 *Prentice.* Clarret is beſt burnt, Sir, by your leave.

3 *Prentice.* I, but *Lilly* has thirteen Houſes.

1 *Prentice.* A Bakers dozen: we'l fire the odd end firſt.

Omnes. A Match, a Match; we'l do't

1 *Prentice.* But now I think on't, we muſt have no fireing of houſes, there's a Statute againſt it: Better once Wiſe than never.

Omnes. Oh brave *Sack!*

1 *Prentice.* We'l be merry to night, I'm reſolv'd on't, or elſe never let Prentices perſume to be honeſt agen, and therefore follow me: bleſs the General! *Exeunt.*

Enter Trotter and Priſſilla.

Priſſilla. Now Secretary, where's your Titles now? Not ſo much as a tittle of 'em remaining, all ſunk in the Sand-box.

Trotter. I'm between *Silla* and *Carybdis*, I muſt confeſs; and thou haſt gravell'd me, my dear *Priſs.*

Priſſilla. Hang your Dog Poetry, it made my Lord thrive ſo ill as he did: I think thou didſt infect him; he us'd to have a Serene brain, and Courage good enough: Sure the Vicar of Fools was his Ghoſtly Father: Be beat without a blow, there's a Myſtery indeed!

Trotter. Truly *Priſs*, my Lord could not help it.

Priſsilla. Not help it, there's a jeſt indeed, I'm ſure he has helpt himſelf into priſon for't, let who will help him out again. What courſe wilt thou take now, Secretary?

Trotter. Not Horſe-couſing *Priſs.* Ide have thee know that.

Priſsilla. Why, thou'rt prettie well Timber'd for ſuch an Imployment. Canſt thou make pens?

Trotter. Yes and Ink too *Priſs*, I tell you but ſo.

Priſſilla. There will be a Trade indeed for thee.

Trotter. Nay and the worſt come to the worſt, I can teach to Dance. [*he friſks about.*]

Priſsilla. I confeſs thy Sword is alwayes Dancing.

Trotter. That's the *Alamode* I learnt in *France*.

Priſsilla. Come if thou canſt Dance ſo well, let's have a friſk if thou dar'it.

Trotter. Truly *Priſs*, I have not my pumps in my pocket.

Priſs. 'Tis well thy Mother left thee Wit enough for an Excuſe. [*he draws.*]

Trotter. That is not all, look here, I can fence too——

Priſsilla. What doſt thou mean to do!—— [*ſhe ſtarts.*]

Trotter. Set your right foot forward, keep a Cloſe guard, have an Eye to your Enemies point, extend your Arm thus. [*ſhe runs and he follows her.*]

Priſsilla. Lord, Lord, the man is mad ſure.

Trotter. Traverſe your ground, ſomtimes reverſe, as thus: Give back, then come on agen, play with his point: If he makes a paſs, put it by, make a home thruſt thus, run him thorow and he falls, I Warrant you. [*ſhe ſcreams.*]

Priſſilla. Put up thy Fools-bawble there: I profeſs Ile call my Ladie elſe. [*puts up his Sword.*]

Trotter. Why, did it fright thee, *Priſs*? ſeriouſly; I did but ſhow thee what skill I had at my Weapon.

Priſsilla. Thou wouldſt make a rare fellow to fence before the Bears, if there were any.

Trotter. Why, *Priſs*? I dare ſay I can kill any man living that can't defend himſelf.

Priſs. Ha, ha, ha! I am of thy mind, that can't Defend himſelf.

Trotter.

Trotter. Why *Priſs*, ſuch as fight muſt take all Advantages.

Priſs. And I that do not fight, will take the advantage to leave thee and thy foolery. *Exit.*

Trotter. Nay, dear *Priſs*, ne're go Ile follow thee. *Exit.*

Enter a Boy upon a Colt-ſtaffe carried by two, and others follow him whooping and hollowing.

1 *Prentice.* Silence, Silence, I ſay.

Omnes. Silence, Silence there.

1 *Prentice.* Gentlemen all, I tell you plain,
My *Rump* does itch, we ſhall have rain.

Exeunt whooping and hollowing.

A piece of Wood is ſet forth painted like a pile of Faggots and Fire, and Faggots lying by to ſupply it.

Enter Prentices *and* Souldiers.

1 *Prentice.* Come, Gentlemen, you are Welcome, Sit down, bring ſome Drink there, 'tis a night of Jubile, we'l want no Drink while the *Rump* roaſts.

[*a Form is ſet forth.*]

Enter one with Drink.

Here's a Health to your noble General. *Racks are ſet out*

Souldier. Thank you, young Man. *one turns the ſpit*

1 *Prentice.* Baſte the *Rump* ſoundly. *with Rumps on't.*

2 *Prentice* It baſtes it ſelf, it has been well fed, a Dog take it: But Pray give us ſome Drink too, we are almoſt Dry roaſted.

Enter Frenchman.

Freuchman, *Begar. dis be very lite night, me can find my way to my loging, begarr very well, if me not take a Cup to muſh by the way: Now garſoone, what be de matter vitt you?*

Prentices. Some *larſhan* for the Bonfire *Monſieur.*

Frenchman. *Boneſiers! begarr me tinck de grand Divell be in the Box-fiers: There garſoone. What be you? Vill a you done larſhan to de bonfire?*

Enter

Enter Muſicians

Muſicians. We are Muſicians, and will give you a Leſſon, *Mounſieur.*

Frenchman. *A Leſſon, dat be very good, begarr me love itt vitt all mine heart, alle alle vic moy to de bonfire, begarr furboone Company de Souldate.* [they go to the bonfire.] *de Angletar, we love dem vitt all min heart, play a leſſon, or begarr me vil brake a your Fiddells.* They Play.

Omnes. Oh brave *Mounſieur!*

Frenchman. *Furboone begarr, now give me de marry Song, me give you de Larſhan.* Muſicians, play a ſhort Leſſon.

Souldiers. Have you this Song? *We came from Scotland.*

Muſicians. Yes, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill have a dat.*

Song.

We came from Scotland *with a ſmall force,*
With a hey down down a down a,
But with hearts far truer then ſteel;
We got by my fay,
The Glory oth' day,
Yet no man a hurt did feel:

[All ſing the tune, and throw their hats about their heads.]

When Lambert *firſt our Army did face,*
With a Hey down down a down a,
He look'd as fierce as the Devil;
We feared a Rout,
But he wheeled about,
The Gentleman was ſo Civil.

[All ſing the tune again.]

Our General March't with the Countreys love,
With a hey down down a down a,
All perſons to him did addreſs;
Small money we ſpent,
For we found as we Went,
Good friends, and here find no leſs.

[Sing all again.]

Frenchman. *Furboone, begar furboone, done moy be toder Cup burn a de* Rump.

1 *Prentice.* That has been often done in your Countrey, Mounſieur.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill dance about de Bonfire, come vit me men.*

They dance about the Bonfire

Omnes. Oh brave *Mounſieur.*

Enter *Priſsilla*

Priſsilla. Let my Ladie ſay what ſhe will, I will ſee the Bonfire.

Frenchman. *Begarr Mitreſs you be a very fine Shentileve man, begarr me dance one time vitt you, nay begarr you noe ſerve a me ſoe.*

She offers to get from him.

Priſsilla. I cannot dance indeed, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill have on touch vitt you, Metreſs.*

1 *Prentice.* What before all this Companie, *Mounſieur*?

Frenchman. *Datt me vill begarr.*

Priſsilla. Well, if I muſt dance, play *Fortune my foe.*

1 *Prentice.* No, *Sellingers Round*, We are beginning the World again.

Frenchman. *Me vill have none of dat, me vill have a de Corrant of de foot ſa ſaw, come Metreſs lend a me your hand, courage courage Metreſs.*

[ſings a tune. [they dance.

Priſsilla. Well, now indeed I muſt be gon, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill ſee you to your loging, pardon a moy.*

Priſsilla. By no means, I ſhall be knockt oth' head then.

Frenchman. *Mee no care for dat, par ma moy adue Jee von remercy pour dis boone Company, adue petit garſoone.*

Omnes. Adue *Mounſieur.*

2 *Prentice.* What are you reſolved to do? Every man to his home, or ſhall we make a Night on't.

Omnes. A night on't, a night on't.

1 *Prentice.* Come to the next Bonfire.

Omnes. To the next Bonfire, to the next Bonfire.

Exeunt. hooping and hollowing.

Enter Whitlock, Wareſtone, Huſon, *and* Desborough.

Desbr. We have played our Cards fair.

Huſon.

Huſon. I deny, it, We have not played our Cards fair.

Wareſton, *Bred Sirs, then yee have plaid then faw, and that's faw play geod feath, Sirs.*

Whitlock. A Fool had the ſhuffling of them, the game had gone better elſe.

Wareſton. *The faw deel himſelf was Trump, Sirs; I think ſirs we ha had nee geod luck, Sirs, this bout.*

Whitlock. We are loſt Sirs, utterlie loſt.

Huſon. No Sir, we are found Sir, catcht in a Net of our own making.

Desbr. Thou wouldſt give all the Shooes in thy Shop to be out of't.

Huſon. Is there no remedie, my Lord *Whitlock*?

Desbr. No remedie againſt the Kings Evill.

Wareſton. *Bred, hees no Doctor, Sirs, hees my Noble Lyer, Sirs.*

Huſon. Whoſe Keeper of the great Seal now?

Desbr. Where will you find your 1000*l. p. annum* now.

Wareſton. *Bred Sirs, doe yee gire, da yee gire? hees gate nyght, Sirs nar I of any the gifts I had geen me geod feath.*

Desbr. Hark you Mr. Lawyer, have you e're a *Habulus Corpulus* to remove us from the Storm is coming?

Huſon. With a Razer Syſſers, or what a Devil do you call it.

Desbr. You are Politick, will you ſell a pennie worth of Pollicie, Sir?

Wareſton. *Bred, he had meere need buy ſome to ſave his cregg, Sirs.*

Huſon. Come lets let's leave the Law in the Lurch, and every man ſhift for himſelf? Adue! Mr. Lawyer.

Desbr. Adue! Mr. Lawyer.

Wareſton. *Adue! Mr. Lyer.* *Exeunt.*

Whitlock. How monſtrouſly have I expos'd my ſelf to the dirtie Cenſure of the baſeſt Creatures, things never mentioned but with ſcorn, and now I am become the *Theſis* unto theirs. The very Cobler reads a Lecture to me, and I'm convinc'd, I ſhould amend my manners, and become

become Loyal Dictates long before Divinitie discovered? There's no sin like that we know, and that we surfet in.

Enter Trotter.

Trotter. Do you want any Pens or Ink, Pens or Ink? Wil you Fence, or will you Dance? What Pens and Ink do you want, Gentlemen?

Enter. Prissilla, *with her Basket of Oranges and Lemmons.*

Prisilla. Fine Civil Oranges, fine Lemmons; fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons: Me thinks it sounds very well; a pox of her Tallnesse for me, no matter, ne're repine Wench, thy Trade's both pleasant and profitable, and if any Gentleman take me up, I am still, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons.

Trotter. Pens or Ink, Pens, Pens or Ink?

Prisilla. 'Tis he.——*Trotter.*

Trotter. Priss, my dear *Priss.*

Prisila. Why how now Secretarie, thou seest my words are come to pass, I knew what a Lord thou wouldst be: But Fortunes a VVhore.

Trotter. A whip take her: But shall we meet now, *Priss?*

Priss. I think we are met *Trotter*, although unhappilie.

Trotter. I mean upon equal terms.

VVareston. *Will you buy a geodly Ballad, or a Scots Spur Sirs, will yee buy a geodly ballad, or a Scot Spur Sirs, any thing to live in this World? Bredgif I sud gang intoll my none Countrey, my Cragg would be strecht twa inches longer then tis: Will ye buy a geodly Ballad, or a Scots Spur Sirs, will yee buy a Line, a Jack-line, a Line a Jack* Lamberts *Line?*

Trotter. 'Tis the Lord *Wareston.*

Prisilla. No more Lord then thy self *Trotter*: Let's have some sport with him, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons: VVill your Lordship buy any Lemmons and Oranges? Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons.

Trotter. Ink or pens, Ink or pens, will your Lordship buy any Ink or pens? for the *Committee of no Safety?*

Wareston. *Bred a good what a Whore and a knave is this.*

Enter Desbrough.

Desbr. Turnips, Turnips, Turnips, hoe, did ever Lord cry Turnips before? But a pox of Lordships would I had my old Farm over my head again, Turnips, Turnips Turnips hoe, Turn-up Mistriss, and Turn-up the Maid, and who buyes my long Turnips ho!

Prissilla. He does it rarely well; Fine Oranges, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons.

Trotter. Ink or Pens, Ink or pens for the Lord *Desbrough.*

Waresion. *Bred'tis he indeed, these are Witches sure, how does your good Lady, Sir?*

Desbr. What my Lord *Waresion?*

Waresion. *Ne bred e good Ime ne meere a Leord then yer neene self, my Honoor is in the dust, Sirr.*

Enter one-eyed Huson.

Huson. Have you any old Boots or Shoes to mend, I have helpt to underlay the Government this 20. years, and have been upon the mending hand, but I fear now I shall be brought to my Last & therefore ought to mind my end; will you buy Shoes for Brooms, or Brooms for Shoes?

Prissilla. Or a Knave for a whip, or a whip for a Knave; Fine civil Oranges, Fine Lemmons.

Trotter. Ink or Pens, Ink or pens, how do you my Lord?

Huson. Dost mock me fellow? Who are these?

Waresion. *My good friend.*

Desbr. Brother *Huson*, and how, and how?

Huson. And what, and what? and a pox O that, and that; lets imbrace however.

Enter Mrs. Cromwell *with Boyes after her.*

Mrs. Cromwell. What Kitchin-stuffe have you Maids? was ever Princes brought to such a pass? what Kitchin-stuffe have you Maids?

Boy. Gammer *Cromwell*, our Maids calls you.

Mrs. *Cromwel.* VVhere you Rascall?

Boy. In my ——

Mrs. *Cromwell.* You Rogue do you abuse me? Ile claw your eyes out. *Exit.*

Flings down her Tub and runs after him. *Enter.*

Enter again presently and takes up her Tub.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* Oh *Dick!* Oh *Dick!* Did ever I think to come to this? What Kitchin-stuffe have you Maids, Maids have you any Kitchin-stuffe Maids?

Prisilla. Fine civil Oranges, Fine Lemmons? Will your Ladyship buy any Oranges and Lemmons?

Ms. *Cr.* Dost thou mock me Bagage? Ile be at thee presently.

Trotter. No indeed she does not, 'tis *Pris* my Lady *Lambert's.* Woman, and I am *Trotter* her Secretary.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* How? thou hast walkt fair indeed, where is her Highness now?

Pris. They say she intends to cry *fresh Cheese & Cream.*

Mrs. *Cromwel.* She has brought her hogs to a fair market.

Huson. And so we have all me-thinks.

Mrs. *Cromwell.* VVhat art thou there too?

Wareston. *Bred and Ise here ta, and my good Loord* Desborough, *bred a good heeres sene a Jolly Company.*

Mrs. *Cromwell.* It somewhat palliates my miserie, That in afflictions you like Sharers be.

Enter *Kelsey.* VVater maids water, who buyes my sweet water, oh my dainty Conduit water, three Pales a penny.

Prisilla. Come let's mind our business, words are but wind, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons. *Exit.*

Trotter. Ink or Pens, Ink or pens, will you buy any Ink or Pens? *Exit.*

VVareston. *Will yee buy a geodly Ballad, or a Scott Spurr will yee buy a Jack-line a Jack* Lamberts *line, or a line for a Jock a* Lambert. *Exit.*

Desbr. Turnips, Turnips, Turnips hoe! Turn-up Mistress, and Turn-up Maid, and Turn-up my Cousin and be not a fraid of a long, long, Red Turn-up ho. *Exit.*

Huson. Boots or Shooes, Boots or Shooes to mend? *Exit.*

Mrs. *Cromwell.* VVhat kitchin-stuffe have you Maids? what kitchin-stuffe have you Maids? *Exit.*

Enter Whitlock.

Whitlock. I am a poor Lawyer Gentlemen, and can shew you *Legerdemain* for your mony, no *Hocus pocus* like

THE END

like me: I have two hands, neither of them disabled from taking fees; have you any causes to split? for that's my Doom, my Bag is a Receptacle for them; I am for that Cause brings me most profit, be it good or be it bad; but indeed have been better experienced in the bad, and now would fain follow the good Cause and turn honest; but a man shall hardly grow rich then, you'l say, and that would vex a man.

how ere I latry't, for to my greif I find
Riches ill got, do scatter with the Wind.

Have you any work for a poor honest Lawyer, for a poor honest Lawyer, I am your next man, Gentlemen.

Ambition and base Avarice, adue!
Howe're your Glories seem, they are not true.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis done, and now to Censure; But be just;
To that the Author and the Actors trust.
You have here in a Mirrour *seen the Crimes*
Of the late Pageantry Changeling Times.
Let me Survey your Brows —— They are Serene,
Not clouded, or disturb'd with what y' ave seen:
None whose grand Guilt appears toucht to the quick,
And in Revenge wou'd 'gainst their Mirrour *kick;*
Nor in a Corner can I one descry
Sneaking, that dare give Bellarmine *the Lie.*
So that we do conclude, the Authors fear
Is now remov'd; there's no Phanaticks *here.*
You are a glorious Presence, clear as Day,
And Innocent as Buds that sprout in May.
'Tis you must gild our Hemisphere, and give
A life to us who willingly would live.
Then, If you please to grant us our Request,
Signe us your Servants, and we'l do our best.

THE END.